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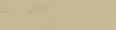

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The Seine at the Pont au Change. The Hôtel-Dieu. The Spire of the Sainte Chapelle. The Cupola of the Tribunal de Commerce and the Law Courts.

The Seine at the Pont-Neuf.

I

A city of long vistas, wide skies and tall white buildings, through which winds a slender river, Paris stands for elegant outlines and ever-changing lights and shadows, curiously expressive of its history throughout the ages.

Cluny Museum.
Bas-relief of the Nautae Parisii.

As the capital of France, it is from Paris that the provinces are ruled. All government is centralised within the city gates. From it, north, south, east and west, laws are sent out to local authorities of far-away towns and villages, all of which are subject

to the Government of the capital. Power radiates from Paris to the provinces as avenues stretch in star formation from the Arc de Triomphe to the city gates and beyond. Art, music and crafts also have their headquarters in Paris, no provincial town attempts rivalry with the capital,

The Arena of Lutetia.

freely the whole land gives its brains to Paris as it gives its men to the country when invaded by a foreign power.

It is, perhaps, this constant feeding of the city with intelligence from the provinces which has kept it young, made it modern, yet duly appreciative of tradition. Since the French national soul found definite expression in the Middle Ages there has been a clear line of patriotism for the French people to follow and through all their divergencies they have never betrayed their national conscience.

The history of Paris before the Roman Conquest in 52 B. C. is threadbare. Little is known of the fisher people who were living on the Island in the Seine, now known as the Ile de la Cité. Yet it was these simple sturdy people who laid the foundation of the great city we know to-day

and in the Cluny Museum are to be seen six worn stones which bear witness to their work, fragments of the altar that the Guild of Boatmen built to Jupiter in the time of Tiberius and when Christ was preaching in Galilee. This old altar was found under the Choir of Notre-Dame in 1711. On one of the stones is inscribed " to Jove the Great and Good, we, the Guild of Boatmen, founded this altar when Tiberius was Cæsar. " They are the first sculptures known as the work of Parisians.

Inscription of the Nautae Parisii.

The part played by the Ile de la Cité and those simple fisher folk who were its first inhabitants in the history of Paris is clearly realised when looking at the city arms. There you see a boat with its sails filled with wind, symbolic in shape of the island itself and reminding you that the early Parisians were fishermen born and that the men who sit with rod and line along the banks of the Seine to-day are their descendants.

Cluny Museum.
Gallo-Roman bas-relief found in the Seine at Paris.

Lutetia, the name by which Cæsar affectionately called " his dear

Cluny Museum. South Front.

white town " existed as Lutèce before he appeared on the scene. It was the name given to Paris by the Parisii, its first inhabitants. Cæsar, therefore, conquered Lutetia, but did not create it.

One notable thing the Romans did for Paris was to transform it from a city of wood into a city of stone. They introduced into Gaul the stone architecture already flourishing in the cities along the Mediterranean shores. But of Cæsar's stone-built Paris there remain to-day only two clear, visible, proofs of its existence; the Baths of Cluny and the Arena of the rue

Cluny Museum. Decoration over the Entrance.

Cluny Museum. The Roman Baths.

Monge, with a few stones carefully cherished in the Carnavalet and the Cluny museums.

The spacious stone room at the Cluny is a splendid specimen of a part of the Roman baths which existed in Lutetia. The luxury of these thermes is hard to imagine as you stand in that great grey chamber, but history gives a wonderful picture of what they were with their hot and cold rooms, their swimming baths, their promenades, great open spaces for playing games, the gymnasium, and everywhere specimens of the arts of the day to provide pleasure to the eye as the baths and games gave pleasure to the body.

Cluny Museum. The Court of Honour.

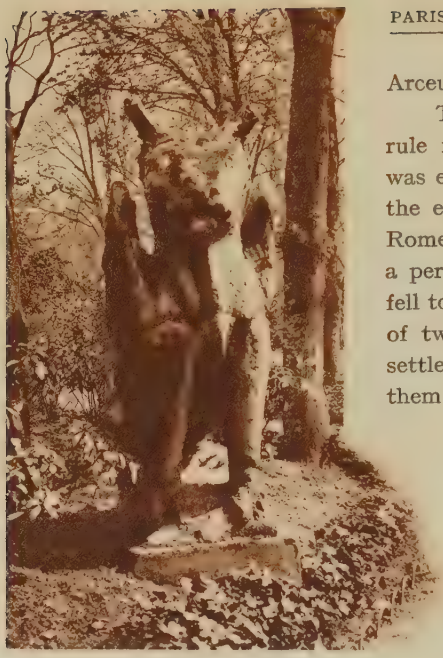
The Arena is as large as the Arena at Nîmes, with accommodation for 40,000 people. Here, as there, gladiators fought with bulls and Christians were done to death by wild beasts. Pantomimes and tableaux vivants were also staged here for the benefit of Gauls who knew no Latin.

Of temples there must have been several, but only two have been located, one to Jupiter under the Choir of Notre-Dame, another to Mercury on the hill of Montmartre.

Many Roman remains are hidden under modern buildings, where traces of them have been found during demolition and reconstruction. A theatre once stood where now stands the Lycée Saint Louis, on the Boulevard St. Michel and near the rue Racine. Where the Collège de France now stands there was another Thermes. Remains of sumptuous villas have been found in the neighbourhood of the rue Soufflot, and also a market place of which arches have been discovered during excavations for building.

Cluny Museum. The Gardens.

Roman Paris, with the rue St. Jacques as its main artery, was well drained, well paved and had a plentiful supply of water, brought to the city by aqueducts, the remains of one being still visible at



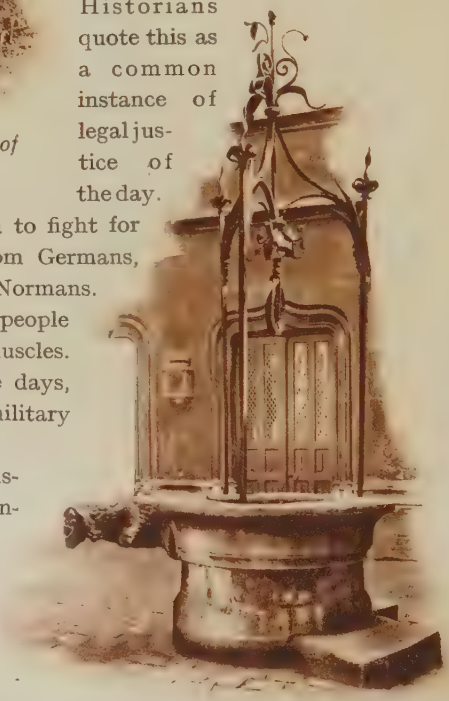
Cluny Museum. The old Griffin of the Tour St. Jacques.

Arceuil in the valley of the Bièvre.

The first three centuries of Roman rule in Paris were peaceful and life was easy and prosperous but towards the end of them when the power of Rome began to decline, Paris entered a period of storm and strife. Justice fell to such a low degree that in a case of two men appealing to the law to settle a matter in dispute between them, the judge ordered both to hold out their arms in the form of the Cross and the one who held them in that position longest was to win his case. Historians quote this as a common instance of legal justice of the day.

From that time Roman Paris began to fight for its existence against invasions from Germans, Allemans, Francs, Danes and Normans. During a long period of peace the people had become slack in morals and muscles. Soldiers counted for little in those days, but in the face of aggression military valour was once more called for.

It was about this time that Christianity came to Paris. The third century saw missionaries at work among the people and from then on the church was instrumental in bringing back discipline and



Cluny Museum.
A Well in the Courtyard.

order to the city. A few great figures stand out from their fellows among these missionaries; Saint Denis who was the first to preach Christ in the city, Bishop Germanus, who caused the Abbey St. Germains to be built and on part of which site now stands the church of St. Germain des Prés. Sainte Geneviève was another. As a little peasant girl with a message to the world, she was found by Bishop Germanus at Nanterre on his way to Brittany and brought to Paris, where she was destined to live as a saint, rule as a queen, and die at the age of 84, the saviour, and in due course, the patron saint, of the city. This amazing woman, like all the great saints, not only prayed, but worked, and by her works proved her faith. She held the people steady and organized the feeding of them

Cluny Museum. Gateway of the Virgin.

under numerous enemy raids, and it was she who virtually handed over the city to its new ruler when Clovis marched into the city at the beginning of the VIth century.

From 511, when Clovis died, to the reign of the Good King Dagobert, a roystering fellow, in 528, Paris was governed by the Merovingian dynasty. Then followed the Carlovingian kings of whom Charlemagne was the greatest; the last and least worthy being Louis V, known as the do-nothing.

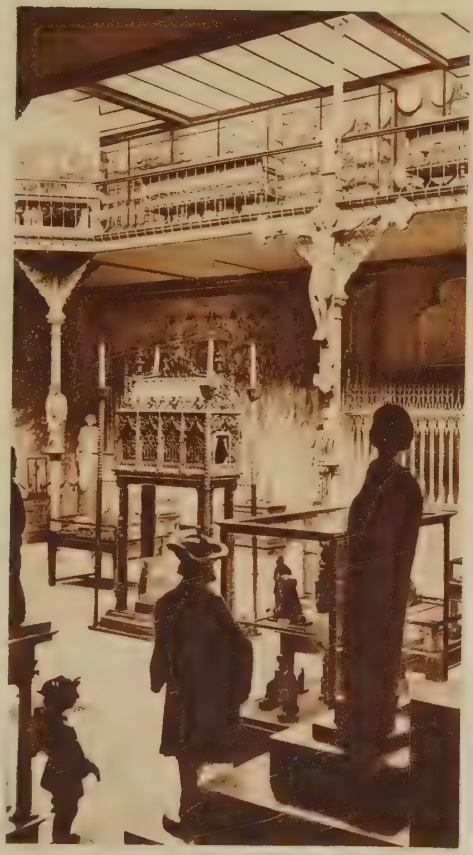
Cluny Museum. The Armoury.

In 987 Hugues Capet founded the third and longest dynasty that ever occupied the French throne. From the first Capetian king, whose father was a duke of Paris, sprang the long lines of the Orleans and the Bourbons. Their family trees have many branches, but it must never be forgotten that their roots are unwaveringly Capetian and that Louis XVI, when dethroned, was officially designated Louis Capet.

Very interesting were the years which saw Paris grow in greatness under rulers such as Philip Augustus, who, in the XIIth century rebuilt the island palace and made a city wall of which bits still remain, and Saint Louis, Louis IX, the

great crusader, who, in the XIIIth century " ruled his people with a quiet mind " and left the Sainte Chapelle as a lasting monument to his memory. To wander on the left bank of the Seine is, indeed, to walk in a wondrous dream of the past, a past in which, as Victor Hugo says, men wrote in stone and left documents for us to read such as the world is not likely to see again.

The Cluny as a piece of XVth century domestic architecture is incomparable. It is easy to visualise as a mansion of the XVth and XVIth centuries. Built in 1490 by the Abbots of Cluny, it is as rich in detail as the house of Jacques Cœur in Bourges and the Hôtel de Ville in Rouen. Its beautifully proportioned rooms with their oak beams and gracious doorways, open fireplaces, quaint stairways and private chapels, make it lovable, intimate, romantic. Many distinguished people lived there after it had been vacated by the monks, including Mary Tudor, the gay young widow of Louis XII, and for years princes of the House of Lorraine kept stately court there. In 1833 it was bought by M. Dusommerand, a distinguished archeologist, who turned it into a treasure house for his collections. It was only after his death that it

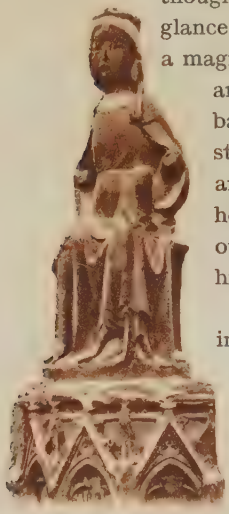


Cluny Museum. The Central Hall.

Cluny Museum. Tapestry of the Lady of the Unicorn.

became government property and a public museum.

Among the countless treasures in this most sympathetic of museums are tapestries of extreme beauty, such as " La Dame à la Licorne ", armour, furniture, sculpture and religious relics dating from the earliest days of the city's history up to the XVIIIth and XIXth centuries. From all the provinces of France, from Belgium, Italy, Spain, England, there are specimens of the arts and crafts throughout the ages. Students find endless interest in every room and the tourist, though he may be able to give but a passing glance to all that there is to see, gets an idea of a magnificent past which leaves on his memory an unforgettable impression. The Roman baths, the gardens with their broken statues, the old well with its gargoyle, and above all, the walls of the old house itself, make the Cluny, inside and outside, a place as romantic as it is historic.



Cluny Museum. The Virgin of Poissy.

Higher up the Boulevard St. Michel, in student slang, the " Boul Mich ", is the rue Soufflot which leads to the Place du Panthéon. Here stands the church of St. Etienne du Mont, on the site of a church begun by Clovis

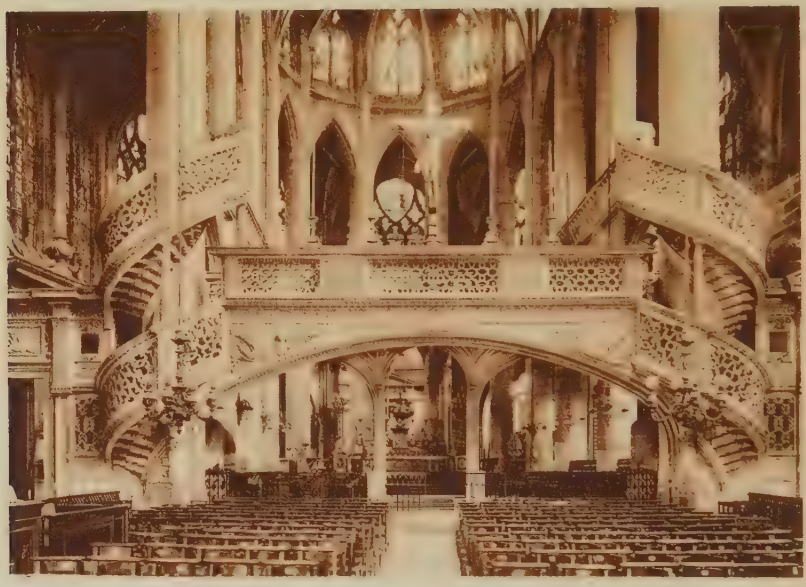
Cluny Museum. A Gothic Figure.

St. Etienne du Mont from the Pantheon.

in fulfilment of a vow before starting out to fight invading Visigoths.

Clovis and his queen, Clothilde, were buried in this church and it is also the last resting place of Ste. Geneviève.

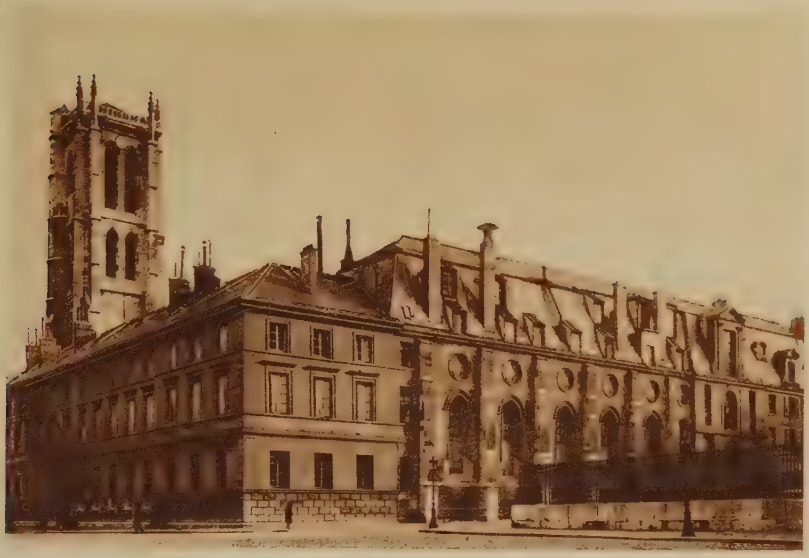
In the IXth century the church was burnt by invading Danes, to be rebuilt almost immediately and dedicated, first to Ste. Marie, later to



St. Etienne du Mont. Interior XVIth century.

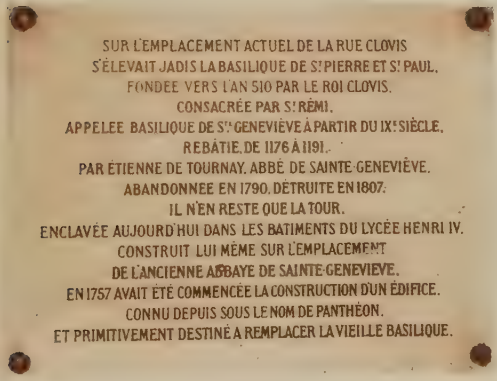
St. Jean, popularly known as St. Jean du Mont. After further battering it was again rebuilt by Etienne de Tournay at the end of the XIIth century and yet again at the beginning of the XIIIth century by monks who officiated at the adjacent chapel of the Abbey Ste. Geneviève. Finally, it was dedicated to St. Etienne and from then on has been known as St. Etienne du Mont.

During all the many vicissitudes of the church and the Abbey the bones of Ste. Geneviève remained intact in their golden shrine so reverently placed in the church dedicated to her. This church stood where now stands the Panthéon.



Lycée Henri IV and the Clovis Tower.

For four hundred years the Saint's body was carried in procession through the city by the monks of the Abbey on festal days. In the xvth century the honour was taken from the holy men and conferred on a chosen number of civil notabilities who continued to hold it until, during the Revolution, the precious relics were seized and some say, burnt.


SUR L'EMPLACEMENT ACTUEL DE LA RUE CLOVIS
S'ÉLEVAIT JADIS LA BASILIQUE DE S.T PIERRE ET S.T PAUL.
FONDÉE VERS L'AN 510 PAR LE ROI CLOVIS.
CONSACRÉE PAR S.T RÉMI.
APPELÉE BASILIQUE DE S.TE GENEVIÈVE À PARTIR DU IX.E SIÈCLE.
REBÂTIE DE 1176 À 1191.
PAR ÉTIENNE DE TOURNAY. ABBÉ DE SAINTE GENEVIÈVE.
ABANDONNÉE EN 1790. DÉTRUITE EN 1807.
IL N'EN RESTE QUE LA TOUR.
ENCLAVÉE AUJOURD'HUI DANS LES BÂTIMENTS DU LYCÉE HENRI IV.
CONSTRUIT LUI MÊME SUR L'EMPLACEMENT
DE L'ANCIENNE ABBAYE DE SAINTE GENEVIÈVE.
EN 1757 AVAIT ÉTÉ COMMENCÉE LA CONSTRUCTION D'UN ÉDIFICE.
CONNU DEPUIS SOUS LE NOM DE PANTHÉON.
ET PRIMITIVEMENT DESTINÉ À REMPLACER LA VIEILLE BASILIQUE.

Modern inscription in St. Etienne du Mont.

The golden shrine was sent to the mint to be melted down. The coffin which others claim was opened, was taken in 1803 to St. Etienne and has been reverently preserved until to-day.

It is at the little shrine to Ste. Geneviève, glimmering always with

Place Edmond-Rostand. The rue Soufflot. The Pantheon.

Tomb of Ste. Geneviève.

innumerable lighted candles, tended by a priest, that so many cripples have left their crutches after being healed. It is there that the tourist likes to linger and buy trinkets in memory of the peasant girl who, like Joan of Arc in later history, came to save her country in its dire need and is now the patron saint of Paris. A gentle spirit, yet practical, was this holy woman, a child of the people with the spirit of a leader.

The tombs of Blaise Pascal, scientist and philosopher, and of

The Pantheon. West Front.

View of Notre Dame and the right bank of the Seine from the Pantheon.

Jean Racine, the dramatic poet, also lie in the church of St. Etienne du Mont.

Apart from its human history. St. Etienne du Mont is one of the most beautiful of the Paris churches, with its round arched nave, its third period Gothic chancel, its remarkable rood screen, finely carved in stone, and its beautiful old glass, much of which dates from the XVIth and XVIIth centuries. It makes a direct appeal to the eye, the heart and the intelligence.

In the rue Clovis, surrounded by the buildings of the Lycée Henri IV, stands the tower of the original church belonging to the abbey of Ste. Geneviève, and used in later times as the observatory of Paris.

St. Médard.

The Panthéon, in neo-Greek style, was built by Jacques Germain Soufflot almost on the site of the little old church dedicated to Ste. Geneviève and which served as chapel to the monks of the Abbey. It was

Law School. Sainte Barbe. The Library of Ste Geneviève from the Pantheon.

on the return of Louis XV from Metz the year of his great illness, that the chapter of the Abbey of Ste. Geneviève demanded a bigger church "to accommodate the crowds of the faithful". The King, honestly believing that he had received his cure from the Saint, extracted money from a despairing people to grant the request. Soufflot, the official architect, was chosen to build the church and hoped to erect a monument to his name which would for ever make it great. Hardly were the walls dry and the dome completed when the Revolutionary storm broke over France and what was intended for a church to the memory of a saint became a kind of pagan temple, called the Panthéon. Under the Restoration it was again a church. Under Louis Philippe it became once more the Panthéon. During the Second Empire it was reconsecrated and under the Third Republic it took Panthéon as its name

once more and became the resting place of the Nation's Great Men.

Victor Hugo was buried there, the bones of Jean Jacques Rousseau and of Voltaire also lie there. Mirabeau's bones were carried there in a burst of enthusiasm for his patriotism, only to be disinterred a few years later in a torrent of reactionary feeling. The ashes of Jean Jaurès were brought there with pomp a few years ago, and at the same time the heart of Gambetta. Both passed in procession through crowded streets.

The Val de Grâce.

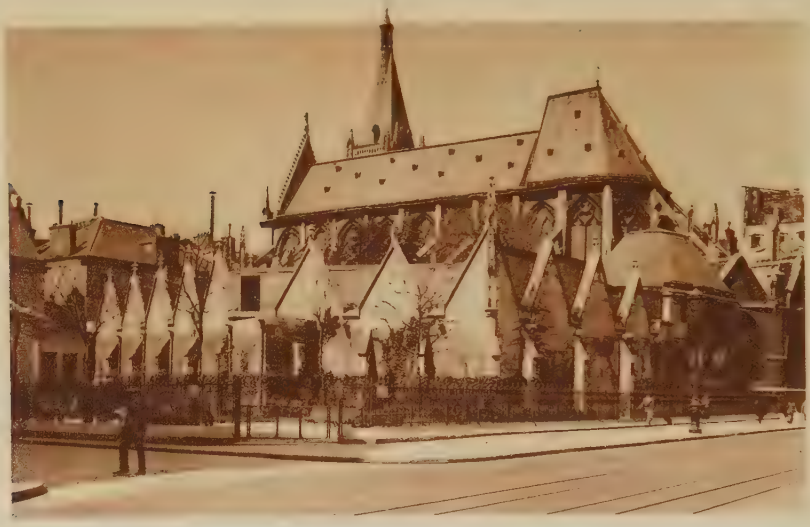
On the walls of the Panthéon are the beautiful calm frescoes of Puvis de Chavannes, telling in perfect harmony of form and colour the life story of Ste. Geneviève as the saviour of the city. Incidents in the life of Joan of Arc, her fellow saint, are also pictured on the walls of the same building, and St. Louis, the great crusader, keeps them company, administering justice, founding the Sorbonne, and the hospital for the blind, known as the "Quinze Vingts", full, to-day, of men who were blinded in the Great War of 1914-1918.

An Alley in the Observatory Gardens.

The Carpeaux Fountain.

The Panthéon seen from afar in sunlight and in moonlight, with a foreground of the Luxembourg Gardens, is a stately and beautiful landmark in the city. At closer view it is cold and uninviting. The tourist does well to visit it on a sunny day.

On the right of the Place du Panthéon, looking towards the city, stand the Law Schools and the Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève, now devoted to law books only. Where this library stands once was the Collège Montaigu, known in vulgar phrase as the Collège des Haricots, because of the Lenten fare it doled



St. Séverin.

out to its students; beans, stale eggs, spoiled fish and frequent fasts. Erasmus lived there, a poor and unhappy student, suffering from " a Catholic conscience and a Lutheran stomach ", and called upon to endure, not only semi-starvation, but, as he said on returning to Flanders : " A body infested with disease and a plentiful supply of vermin. " A few years later, Rabelais also bore with similar horrors in the same college. During the Revolution it served as a prison and in 1845 it was torn down to give place to the present building.

At the foot of the Mont Ste. Geneviève, as the hill on which stand so many historic buildings is called, and at the end of the rue Mouffetard, stands the church of St. Médard. This church, after being a small chapel during two centuries, was rebuilt in the xvth cen-

St. Nicholas du Chardonnet.
Tomb of the mother of the painter Lebrun.

tury. In the XVIIIth century it was restored with but little taste. The Lady Chapel dates from this restoration and was built on the site of the Clément de Reilhac Chapel founded in 1380 by Reilhac, the King's lawyer, for the celebration of masses for the souls of the members of his family. It is reported that in a single year one hundred and fifty-seven masses were said and sung to their account.

St. Séverin. West Front.

The architecture of St. Médard is a medley of styles, picturesque as a whole and with interesting fragments in stone and glass. In the old cemetery, now a market square, well-known Jansenists were buried and in the XVIIIth century miraculous cures were said to have taken place there. A sect, known as the Convulsionists, fell in ecstasies on the graves of their saints, and to such proportions did their hysteria grow, that King Louis XV in 1732, on the advice of his ministers, gave orders for the cemetery to be closed. In 1798 it was sold to private owners and

Notre Dame from St. Séverin.

the tombs were overthrown. The church was used during the Revolution by the Théophilanthropes. After the Concordat, it was the first of the Paris churches to be opened for Christian worship.

Through all this quarter of Paris the river Bièvre wanders shamefacedly underground, where once it flowed bright and sparkling through fields and lanes. To-day it is scarcely more than a drain, only showing its face, dull and turgid, here and there. Round about the neighbourhood of the Boulevard Arago and the rue des Gobelins, in the early part of the XIIIth century, the Bièvre, "a free and wilful stream" wandered through fair and open country, with rich men's villas and fertile convent gardens clustered on its banks. Now those once clear waters are stained and muddy and are glad to lose themselves in the Seine under the Orleans railway station.

Between the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Saint-Marcel runs the Boulevard Port Royal and just off it stand the church of the Val de Grâce and the Military Hospital. A Benedictine Convent

St. Julien le Pauvre.

St. Julien le Pauvre. The Square.

The Bridge and Square of St. Michel.

known as the Val Profond, a sad title to fit the marshy district round it, once stood where these buildings now are. The name was changed from Val Profond to Val de Grâce in the xvth century when Anne de Bretagne, wife of Louis XII, helped the nuns of the convent so generously in their good work among the poor. In the xviith century, Anne of Austria built a chapel as a mark of gratitude for the birth of her son, Louis XIV, and it was he who laid the first stone of the present chapel, a Renaissance building in the style known as Jesuit. The dome is a copy of St. Peter's in Rome. On the great doors are wrought the fleur de lys and the royal

St Julien le Pauvre. The Courtyard.

monogram. The ceiling is by the painter Mignard and an immense fresco shows Anne of Austria surrounded by saints, presenting to God her plan of the church with St. Louis presiding over her offering. This chapel is only used on Sundays and feast days when services are held for soldiers in hospital, and for funerals of soldiers who die there.

When you leave the Val de Grâce you may take the broad boulevard towards Montparnasse and make a slight digression from the straight road to pass through the stately alleys of the Observatory Gardens with their tall trees and graceful fountains designed by well-known sculptors of modern times. These gardens are the nurseries of the quarter and an hour spent with the babies and their mothers on a fine spring or summer afternoon is a relaxation from the strenuous business of sight-seeing.

The St. Michel Fountain.

A Tablet near St. Sulpice.

St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, in the rue Monge where it joins the Boulevard St. Germain, is a church little visited by tourists, but its history is of interest. The name alone, St. Nicholas of the Thistlefield,

The Sorbonne.

suggests the story. In the early XIIIth century Guillaume d'Auvergne, Bishop of Paris, took over the field of thistles and caused a chapel to be built there for the use of the students in what was then, as now, the University quarter of the city. So well were the services attended that it became the Parish Church and was dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of students. It was also the parish church of Lebrun, the painter, who died in 1690 and who, for the love of God

Collège de France.
Entrance with busts of early Professors.

and his art had designed the decorations. The style of the church is French Renaissance and most of the pictures and statues date from the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries.

Not far away from St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, is the beautiful church of St. Séverin, where Dante knelt and prayed as a student and in which Verlaine, the Villon of his day, went to confession. Since the earliest Christian days a church has stood where St. Séverin now stands. In 550 A.D. an unfortunate young man seeking shelter from a wicked uncle who had killed most of his relations was rescued by a holy hermit named Severinus. Cared for and instructed by the hermit, the young man became a monk, and when his protector died, built an oratory to his memory. Pilgrimages were made to it, miracles were wrought there, and the Chapel of St. Séverin was soon famous throughout the countryside. In the IXth century it was burned by the Normans, in the XIth it was rebuilt

St. Sulpice.

on a larger scale. In 1199 the first crusade was preached there and under St. Louis (Louis IX) the church was again rebuilt. The first three bays of the nave are what remain of the XIIIth century church. In the XVth century more building was undertaken and the chancel, as it now is, dates from about the year 1490. The upper part of the nave is of the same period. The portal is not the original one made for the church, but was brought from St. Pierre-aux-Bœufs, and dates from the XIIIth century. The principal entrance used to be beneath the tower on the north side, and in the stonework of that old door are the wasted figures of two lions, between which, standing on the steps, the clergy of St. Séverin, in ancient days, used to pronounce judgment. From this custom came the saying, " Datum inter liones ". On the wall below the tower may be read in old French, " Good people who pass this way, pray for the dead ".

Terrace of the Queens of France.

Luxembourg Gardens.

St. Séverin is remarkable as showing Gothic architecture in its three periods, primitive, rayonnant, and flamboyant. It also contains some glorious stained glass. The glass in the upper window of the nave is all xvth and xvıth centuries, taken from the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, the subject of one window being the death of Thomas à Becket.

On the site of the presbytery garden there are the remains of a Gothic cloister, this and one at the Eglise des Billettes, in the rue des Archives, are the only traces of cloisters left round Paris churches.

Monument to Delacroix.

In the xvth century a curious thing happened to St. Séverin. The church changed its

The Luxembourg Palace.

patron saint but not its name. The old hermit was set aside for the better known Abbé Séverin, and it is he who for three centuries was honoured. In 1753 the hermit was restituted to his former glory without deposing the Abbé, and the church was put under the patronage of both. The feast day of each is separately kept every year.

During the Revolution it was proposed to use the church as a powder magazine. Happily, that threat was not carried out, but the doors were closed for several years, to be re-opened in 1802 by order of Napoleon.

Quite as interesting is the church of St. Julien le Pauvre, in the rue St.

The Medici Fountain.

The Medici Fountain.

Julien-le-Pauvre. The original foundation was an oratory erected in early Christian times. It stood on the old Roman road leading from Orleans to Paris. A hostel was built alongside the oratory for the use of pilgrims and travellers and there came, in the VIth century, Gregory of Tours, from whose writings so much of the history of life in the Middle Ages in Paris has been gleaned.

Morning in the Luxembourg Gardens.

The little oratory soon grew into a church built on the model of a Roman basilica and was left in a good condition until the IXth century, when the Normans destroyed it. Until the XIth century it remained in ruins, when it was roughly rebuilt by secular owners. In the XIIIth century it was transferred to the monastery of Longport, a dependant of the Abbey of Cluny. The church was then entirely rebuilt and

In the Sculpture Gallery. Luxembourg Museum.

became an important priory. During the Revolution it was used as a storehouse for fodder. In 1824 it was restored for public worship and served as a chapel to a community of Augustine nuns until 1870, when it was in danger of utter destruction by the pulling down and rebuilding of part of the Hôtel Dieu which stands beside it. In 1886 it was assigned to the Greek Catholics in Paris, the Melchites, who are under Roman ecclesiastical rule, and Greek services are held there regularly. An interesting feature of the church is the *iconastase*, a portico with icones, separating the nave from the chancel.

Flower seller on the Boulevard St. Michel.

St. Julien is a good illustration of XIIth century archi-

tecture at the transition stage from Romanesque to Gothic. The XIIth century façade, replaced in the XVIIth century by the present rude front, was purely Gothic. The old well in the courtyard used to be within the church walls. On the north side is a white slab covering the mouth of another well, long ago closed, which was once famed as being a miraculous spring, and from which there was a conduit to the piscine still existing on the epistle side of the altar in the chapel of St. Joseph. Sick people flocked to this spring to be healed and others sent for its waters from distant lands.

In the Botanical Gardens.

Over the altar in the chapel of St. Joseph is a painting showing St. Julien l'Hospitalier, who used to welcome travellers along the old Roman road. This church and its Lady Chapel, are pure XIIth century work. The bas-relief on the wall near the Lady Chapel was taken from the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, where it had been since the middle of the XVth century. Two notable statues in the church are to the

memory of St. Vincent de Paul, who gave his name to an order of nursing nuns wearing the white flapping head-dress so often seen about the streets of modern Paris. Baron Montyon, founder of the Montyon virtue prize, is also immortalised in stone. This prize consists of gifts of money awarded yearly with great ceremony at the Institut de France, to persons and societies who, under difficult conditions, have done good work for their fellow creatures.

The Place Maubert and the Pantheon.

A door near the sacristy leads to the open space where, till recent years stood the annexe of the old hospital, the Hôtel Dieu. A bit of the wall built by Philip Augustus is said to be visible here and from this point can be seen the old bell turret on the summit of the abside. A quaint staircase leads to it from the roof of the church.

Old Paris. The Rue de la Bûcherie and the Rue des Rats.

II

Starting from the Place St. Michel and giving a passing glance at the monumental fountain erected in 1860 from designs by Davioud, you may go up the Boulevard St. Michel to where, half way to the Luxembourg Gardens, stands the Eglise de la Sorbonne and to the left of the church, the Collège de France and the Sorbonne buildings. The foundation stone of this church was laid by Cardinal Richelieu, the great cardinal who ruled France during the reign of Louis XIII and who, in 1635, rebuilt the University schools founded in the XIIth century by Robert de Sorbon, chaplain to Louis IX, known as Saint Louis.

A community of thirty-six priests lived for many years in the old house of Robert de Sorbon and officiated in the church of the Sorbonne, one of

A Tannery on the Bièvre.

their duties being to celebrate the anniversaries and memorial services connected with the University. They were commonly alluded to as " les messieurs de la Sorbonne ".

The Salpêtrière Hospital.

During the Revolution the Eglise de la Sorbonne was badly used and Cardinal Richelieu's tomb was violated. The body was taken up, the head carried away but not destroyed, and restored to the family in 1866. It was under Louis XVIII that the church was again opened for worship.

The Richelieu family still have special rights and privileges in the Eglise de la Sorbonne. Their marriages take place in it and they are buried there. Twenty-four Richelieu coffins lie in the vault beneath the Cardinal's monument, six in the chapel near the high altar.

The architecture is of the Renaissance period with Corinthian columns. Philippe de Champagne, whose portrait of Richelieu in the Louvre is such a living piece of work, painted the ceiling, and Giraudon designed the Cardinal's tomb. The church of the Sorbonne was officially disaffected,

The Montsouris Park.

like all other state chapels, after the Separation Act in 1906, but on account of the rights held by the Richelieu family, the altar was not dismantled and each time a Richelieu is married or buried the church is looked upon as a sacred building and may be used for religious ceremonies.

The Lion of Belfort.

Passing through the Luxembourg Gardens higher up the Boulevard and following one of the narrow little streets leading

The Montsouris Park. The Grotto.

The Montsouris Park.

from the rue de Vaugirard, you come to the church of St. Sulpice with its two towers, one quite different from the other. The original church was restored in the XIIIth and XIVth centuries, but a fast growing parish, since divided in four, called for a larger building and Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, laid the foundation of a new church in 1646. It was not finished until a hundred years later, when the generosity of the Abbé Languet brought about its completion in 1733. The new church was dedicated to Sulpice le debonnaire, a celebrated bishop of Bourges.

The general style of St. Sulpice is Renaissance, the towers were built by different architects, hence their irregularity. Legend says that the architect whose tower proved to be the least beautiful killed himself in a fit of depression when he realised his failure. The Lady Chapel has a figure of the Virgin, lighted dramatically from above. The pulpit was a gift from Richelieu. The organ in the chapel of Notre-Dame des Etudiants belonged to Marie Antoinette and was played on by Glück and Mozart. St. Sulpice is noted for its musical services. A curious custom

dating from 1897 is that of united prayer among the clergy once a month for the conversion of England to the Roman Catholic faith.

Back in the Luxembourg Gardens, the only Renaissance garden left in Paris, and chiefly planned by Debrosse, a world of many interests surrounds us. Not only are the flower beds, the trees, the statues, of great beauty, but the place itself is full of human stories. It is the garden of the students, of the people of the quarter. To the babies it is a nursery, to the lovers, Paradise. To the dreamer and the poet it is enchanted ground, and to those in the twilight of life its quiet corners are resting places in a noisy city.

A fruit garden is tucked away in one part of it where people may take lessons in pruning apple and pear trees from an expert. Bee hives are hidden among the trees and lectures on bee keeping are given during certain months of the year. In yet another part, on open, but by no means level ground, old men with beards play croquet and boys and girls play ball games of all kinds, including tennis. On the terrace overlooking the sunk flower garden with its brilliant beds and fountains,

Gardens of the Val de Grace.

round which sit nurses and mothers with their charges, stand rows of

The Seine looking towards Notre-Dame.

The Apse of Notre-Dame.

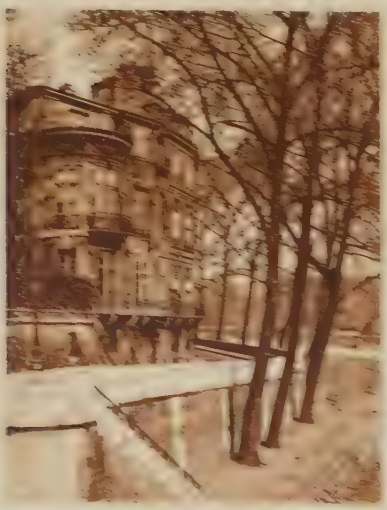
marble statues of the queens of France. And near the gate is the elaborate Medici fountain, designed by Debrosse in Florentine spirit, a tribute to the nationality of his Royal patroness, Marie de Medici.

The Luxembourg Palace and grounds were bought by Marie de Medici, the widow of Henri IV, from the Duc de Piney-Luxembourg in 1612, and in 1615 she commissioned Debrosse to rebuild the château and lay out the gardens. It bears some likeness to the Pitti Palace in Florence, the home of the Queen's ancestors, but it is, for all that, French in spirit. It was altered by Chalgrin in 1804 for Napoleon, to be used by him as a senate house. Under the Convention it was turned into a prison and among its distinguished company of prisoners were the Maréchale de Noailles, the Vicomte de Beau-

Chimaera.

Notre-Dame South Aspect

barrass with his wife Josephine, Danton and Camille Desmoulins. In 1798 it became the Palais Directorial, in 1800 Bonaparte went to live there, deserting it a year later for the Tuileries.



De Saint Louis Hôtel Lambert

To the west of the palace is the Petit Luxembourg, the residence of Richelieu in 1621, now that of the President of the Senate. The chapel adjoining was built in 1622-31 and belonged to the convent of the Filles du Calvaire.

The Musée du Luxembourg occupies what was, formerly, the Orangery. In it are gathered together paintings and statuary of the

XIXth and XXth centuries, carefully chosen and bought in the name of the State by men of wide knowledge and good judgment. So many are the works with the right to a place in these galleries that they have long outgrown it, and for some months in 1928 the museum was closed to allow of a complete change in the arrangement of the rooms so that the pictures might be grouped systematically and modern painters be as fairly placed as older and more academic artists. In February 1929 the galleries were officially re-opened to the public.

Notre-Dame. The Apse.

On a fine afternoon or early morning an expedition to another Paris garden, the Jardin des Plantes, has a charm for all lovers of the historic side of the city. This old fashioned garden, where the women of the quarter bring their sewing and their children, holds countless interests for the wise and the simple, for the old and for the young. There are the animal quarters, with the polar bear who, for years has delighted the

Sainte Chapelle. The Apse.

children of the quarter by the slow swinging of his head. You see them watching him, so entranced that they unconsciously imitate him. There is the great cedar of Lebanon, planted in 1735, the first of its species to be imported into France. There are the Natural History Museum, Library, Laboratories and Lecture Hall.

The garden was begun in 1635 by Guy de la Brosse, physician to Louis XIII, as a place in which to grow medicinal herbs. Buffon, the great authority on Natural History, was appointed rector of this " Jardin du Roi " in 1739, and extended it in every department. In 1793 the Royal Menageries were transferred here and in 1794, the library of Natural History. The name of " Jardin du Roi " was changed to the Jardin des Plantes in the Revolution. Under the Restoration the

Sainte Chapelle. Detail of Sculpture.

Sainte Chapelle. South Front.

old name was revived, only to be withdrawn again under the Republic.

To the south of the gardens stands the old hospital of the Salpétrière which was built originally by Louis XIII for the manufacture of saltpetre, and which his son, Louis XIV, converted into a hospital for women, a part of it being set aside for women of bad character. A celebrated prisoner there was Manon Lescaut, the pathetic heroine of Abbé Prévost's story. The modern Salpétrière is used as a hospital for women suffering from nervous diseases and from insanity.

Sainte Chapelle. The Upper Chapel.

Picturesque and old world, the Salpétrière, and the Pitié hospital behind it, are two of the oldest buildings of their kind in Paris. Efforts are continuously going on to try to bring them up-to-date, but a building with an historic past is a difficult subject to modernise without complete destruction and

Sainte Chapelle. The Lower Chapel.

so it is that much of old Paris is picturesque but not hygienic.

Near that part of the gardens which touches on the rue Geoffroy St. Hilaire an oriental Mosque has recently been built, where, at sunset, the Mohammedan colony in Paris goes to worship Allah. There come also, tourists in charabancs drawn by curiosity to the Mosque and to the café near it.

Sainte Chapelle. Detail of Sculpture.

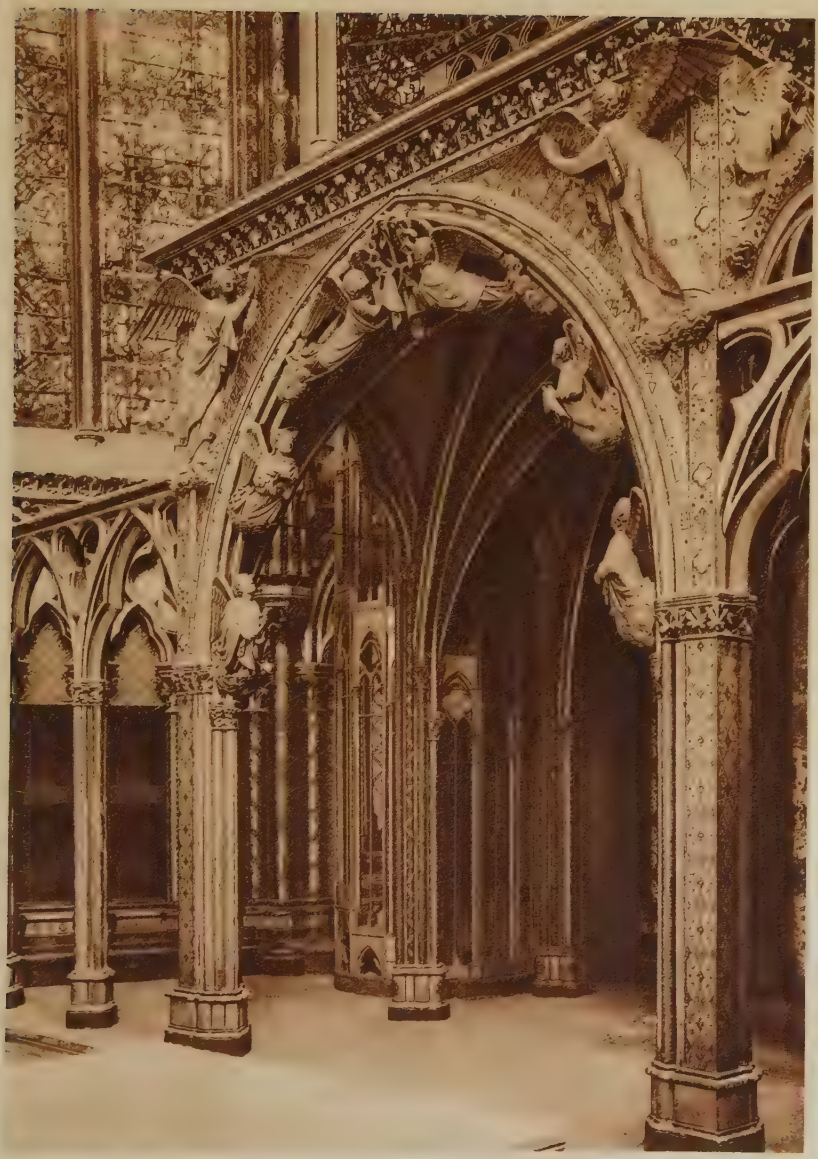
Sainte Chapelle. Detail of Sculpture.

Sainte Chapelle. Detail of Upper Chapel.

Continuing the Boulevard Marcel you come to the Boulevard Arago and again find yourself beside the waters of the little Bièvre.

Away to the south lies the Parc Montsouris, fresh and open, gay with flowers, green lawns and shady trees. In its neighbourhood, essentially a workman's quarter, artists have lately elected to build their studios and there are now some interesting specimens

Sainte Chapelle. Oratory of Louis XI.



Sainte Chapelle. The Upper Chapel.

The Pont au Change and the Law Courts.

of new domestic architecture in the streets surrounding the park.

Not very far away is the Cité Universitaire where colleges for French and foreign students in Paris are already built, or are being built, by their respective countries. Japan, Canada, Holland have their own colleges and Great Britain has hers in the making. The value of these colleges to students is clear, since it means great economy of effort and time for a student to be able to pass directly from his own university at home to a foreign one without any change in his form of study and without any seek-

Conciergerie. The Apartment of St. Louis.

ing for the right places in which to live and work. Here, in the Cité Universitaire, he finds his own college run on the lines to which he is accustomed, and within reach of the lecture halls of the Paris University. The work is only beginning, but due to the personal efforts of Lord Crewe during his Embassy in Paris the British college is likely to go ahead speedily, and the French college has been generously endowed already by Mr. Rockefeller, M. Deutsch de la Meurthe and Mr. David Weill.

Conciergerie. The Entrance.

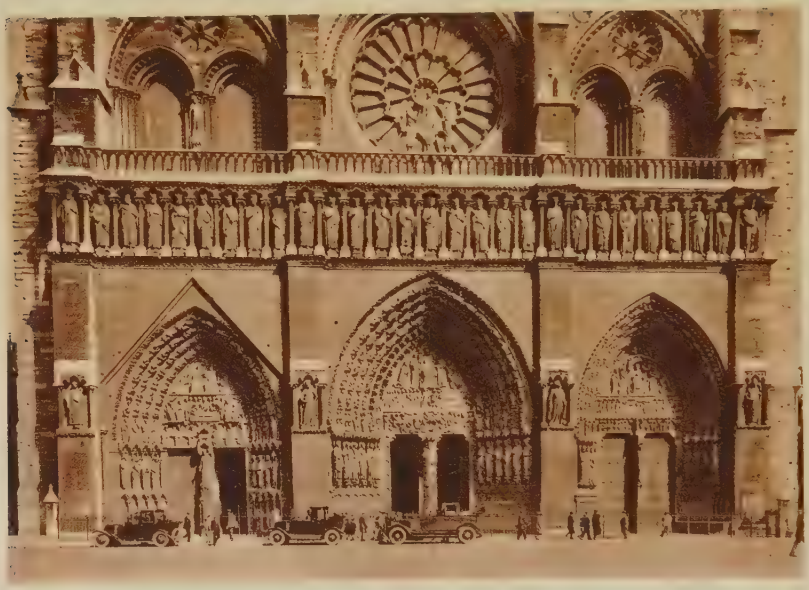
The Cité Universitaire is the beginning of many great changes in the student life of Paris. The poor as well as the well-to-do student will soon be able to work under healthier conditions in surroundings as inspiring as in our university towns in Great Britain. There will be all the mirth and none of the sordid misery of the old days over which poets and romantic fiction writers have cast a golden haze.

All the southern suburbs of Paris are given over to the working classes. They are gradually stretching away into the countryside, which before the War was sparsely scattered with châteaux and small farms

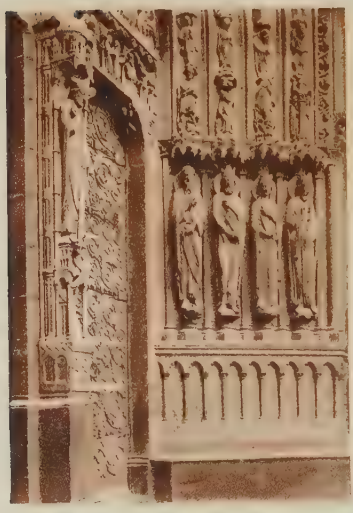
The Tower of Saint Jacques.

among wide fields and rich woods. The garden city idea does not find a very good expression in these suburbs. Every man builds as seems good in his own eyes and an ugly confusion of bricks and concrete is

Notre-Dame.



Notre-Dame. Façade.



Notre-Dame. Detail of the Porch.

the result. The art of town planning is not highly developed among municipal authorities, and once you are outside the gates of the city it is clear that but little care is taken to provide beauty and comfort for the community.

The old fortifications have disappeared, and fair spaces shaded with trees and bright with flowers are promised in their stead. But the work goes slowly and the transition stage is neither pleasing nor convenient. It is a relief to turn back to Paris and the Ile de la Cité, with its old buildings, rich in historic memories, if not in *confort moderne*.

Notre-Dame. Detail of the Porch.

Notre-Dame de Paris, the stately towered cathedral on the Ile may well be your next objective. Seen from the bridges across the Seine, from near and far, Notre-Dame is, indeed, a precious landmark of old Paris. Set solidly on the little island from whence grew the great city of to-day, the old church seems sometimes to frown on progress, and again, to bestow a benediction. Standing lower down the river on the Pont Solferino, facing north, you see the new church of Sacré Cœur gleaming white on the hill of Montmartre, very beautiful in its way, but casting no long shadows across the mind. Then you turn to where, up the river, on the Island, stands Notre-Dame, grey, beautiful, wise and weather worn, with the city's history written in its stone. The shadows there are long indeed.

Notre-Dame. The Virgin.

In the earliest Christian days there were two churches on the Ile de la Cité, a small Notre-Dame and a church dedicated to St. Etienne. Together they formed the episcopal church of the city. St. Etienne was built in the IVth century

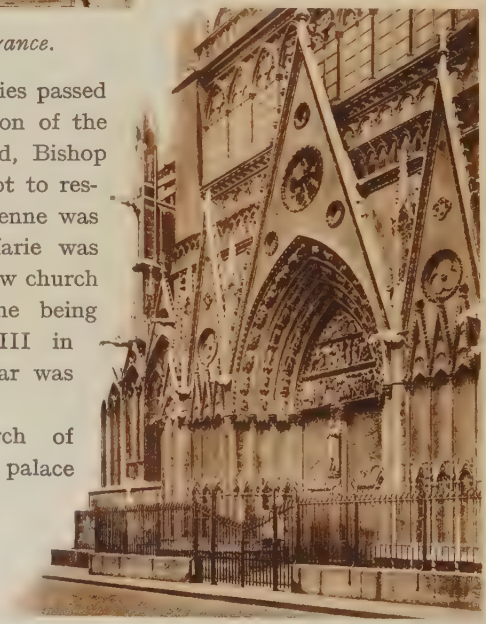
Notre-Dame. The Entrance.

both churches as the centuries passed over them and, the population of the city having greatly increased, Bishop Maurice de Sulli decided, not to restore, but to rebuild. St. Etienne was then pulled down, Ste. Marie was already in ruins, and the new church begun, the foundation stone being laid by Pope Alexander III in 1163. In 1185 the high altar was placed and consecrated.

Beside the new church of Notre-Dame an episcopal palace was built and left standing until 1830, when it was destroyed by a revolutionary mob.

on the site occupied later, and up to the present day, by the sacristy. Notre-Dame, larger and more elaborate, was the work of Childebert in the VIth century. Dedicated to Ste. Marie, it stood where now is the Parvis Notre-Dame.

These churches were richly endowed, funds coming into their coffers from all over the country, even from far Provence, which is said to have sent oil for the lamps. A series of fires and raids brought frequent disasters to



Notre-Dame. The Entrance.

Paris from Notre-Dame.

When Maurice de Sulli died in 1196, his successor, Eudes de Sulli, carried on his work. The chancel, nave and façade of the present cathedral were finished in 1223. The two square towers were added during the next hundred years with the intention of putting spires on them. But something has always prevented these additions. Viollet-le-Duc designed very elaborate plans for them but, happily, they were never carried out. And so we see the two square towers, stern and simple in outline, but rich in decoration.

In the XVIIth century, under Louis XIII and Louis XIV, the inside of Notre-Dame was not improved by the decorative additions that were made. Louis XIII made a vow before going into battle to consecrate France to the Blessed Virgin and as a memorial to the consecration he planned that an image of the Virgin should stand on the high altar of Notre-Dame. The statue was finished in the reign of his son, Louis XIV, and to make room for it some of the most beautiful surroundings of the altar were sacrificed. In the same year the great bell called Jacqueline,

Square of the Hôtel de Ville.

The Hôtel de Ville .

in memory of the donor's wife, was rechristened Emanuel Louise Thérèse, after the King and Queen.

Most of the Royal weddings have been held in Notre-Dame and the dauphins of France were always baptised there. Te Deums were sung after victory in battle. Trophies and flags from all ages were hung there. Joined to them now is a memorial slab to the million British who died in the Great War, " most of whom lie in France ".

In the Revolution Notre-Dame suffered badly. The mob rushed on the cathedral and destroyed the twenty-eight statues of the Kings of Israel above the doors of the grand façade, believing them to be the Kings of France. The floors of the church were ruthlessly torn up, the bell turret was knocked down, (since replaced by a spire), and a bonfire was made on the Parvis of all the old Mass books, missals and Bibles that could be found. The final act of desecration was the festival of Reason which was held there in 1793. In 1864, only, was Notre-Dame de Paris wholly consecrated, after its restoration by Viollet-le-Duc. Not through all the previous centuries had a consecration of the cathedral as a whole taken place.

Oddly enough, through all the troublous times much of the old glass has been preserved intact. The rose windows are its great beauty, especially that of the XIIIth century in the north transept. Until the middle of the XVIIIth century all the windows in the church were of old glass, then, again under the false name of improvement, the glass of the nave and chancel, some of which dated back to 1182, was taken out and replaced by white glass with armorial bearings and garlands of flowers. The stained glass window in the chancel is modern. So are the mural paintings. But the bas reliefs and some of the statues are old. Of them all, that of Notre-Dame de Paris, (XIVth century) is the most lovable.

Place de la Bastille. The July Column.

The woodwork throughout the cathedral is very beautiful. That in the chapel of St. Pierre dates from the XVIth century, that in the chancel

from the XVIIth. The " treasure " is still rich in relics, although many were destroyed in the Revolution. The Crown of Thorns brought by St. Louis from the Holy Land was restored to the cathedral when the

The Carnavalet Museum. The Entrance.

In the Place des Vosges.

Sainte Chapelle was disaffected and after being its first home Notre-Dame is now its last. St. Louis carried the relics there barefoot on his return from the Crusades, and left them there until the Sainte Chapelle was ready to receive them.

The human history of Notre-Dame is even more thrilling than its architectural beauty. The civil life of the city was associated with the life of the church in the most homely ways during the Middle Ages. Councils were held in the porches, judgments were given there, duels were fought, beg-

The Carnavalet. The Arms of Paris.

The Carnavalet. A Courtyard.

present at Mass, declaring that Paris was well worth it. In 1804 the coronation of Napoleon I was held there, in 1810 his marriage to Marie-Louise.

And to the humble citizens of to-day what a boon is this great church in their daily lives. You see them, men and women of the people, kneeling and sitting within its great walls. As they pass in and out they drop a copper or two into the box of the little sister of St. Vincent de Paul who kneels just inside the door to beg for the poor of gars and sick people flocked there for help. Services were held inside the church all day long, and until well into the XIXth century the confraternity of Matiniers gathered in the church at midnight to recite the first office of each day as the clock struck the last stroke of twelve.

Then, think of the historic events which mark its history. In 1431 Henry VI of England was there declared King of France, in 1560 Mary Stuart was crowned Queen Consort. In 1594 protestant Henri IV was

The Carnavalet. Gallery of Tradesmen's Ancient Signs.

the parish. The yellow flame of a group of candles before a shrine cuts the darkness of the aisles and above, in the old grey walls, the rose windows glow like jewels. The picture is one of which you never weary. No monument in Paris has quite the grave, beau tiful dignity of this stern yet lovable house of prayer.

Looked at from the open square, Notre-Dame is solid and stately, seen from the river, or the Quai de la Tournelle, her shape is that of a butterfly. In the mists

The Carnavalet. The French Garden.

The Carnavalet. An old Sign.

of a winter's evening, in the changing light of a young spring day with the scent of violets in the air and the clear gush of colour that comes from the Quai aux Fleurs near by, her towers and her spires lift the mind to happiness. In peace and war, in all seasons, at all hours of the day, in moonlight and in starlight, our Lady of Paris watches over her beloved city, the capital of fair and fertile France.

In the neighbourhood of the cathedral, on the island, there are many picturesque corners, many beautiful old houses, once the

The Carnavalet. Old Woodwork from the Hôtel Lariboissière.

homes of great French nobles. Take, as an example, the Hôtel Lambert, No. 2 in the rue St. Louis. It was built in the XVIIth century by Levau for Lambert de Thorigny and decorated by Lesueur and Le Brun. It is hung with priceless tapestries and the proportions of the rooms are noble and restful, since architects saw big and planned magnificently in those days. Voltaire lived there with Monsieur and Madame Châtelet for some years, and after the death of the lady remained there with her husband, who, during the lady's lifetime, had so often to intervene in her quarrels with her friend. Since 1832 the house has belonged to Princess Czartoryski.

III

From visiting Notre-Dame you naturally turn to the Sainte Chapelle, that perfect specimen of Gothic architecture which is such a fit and lasting monument to the memory of good King

The Carnavalet.
A Corner of one of the Galleries.

Louis, the saint and the great crusader. Standing in a quiet courtyard, near the Palais de Justice, the Sainte Chapelle is withdrawn from the noise and turmoil of the street. Begun by Pierre de Montereau in 1244 and finished in the short space of three years, it was his masterpiece.

On April 25th in 1248 it was consecrated by the Pope's legate as the chapel of the Holy Cross and the Holy Crown, sacred relics which King Louis had brought back with him from the Crusades. The upper chapel was reserved for the King and his Court, the lower one for the people. At stated times St. Louis and succeeding kings of France, used to mount the little staircase by the altar to exhibit the sacred relics to the people in the chapel below. On Good Friday of the year 1423, it was the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France for Henry VI of England, who held the relics in the sight of the assembled people and pronounced the blessing. In the reign of Louis XVI this ceremony was

Fifteenth Century House at the corner of the rue Cloche-Perce and the rue François-Miron.

Hôtel de Soubise.

forbidden on account of the hysterics of the crowd.

The bones of St. Louis were brought to this, his church, from St. Denis, twenty-seven years after his death. They were later taken back to St. Denis and then once more returned, enclosed in a rich shrine and laid with pomp and circumstance in the beautiful chapel he had inspired and which is his monument.

The Sainte Chapelle, as officially attached to the Palais de Justice, had customs and ceremonies peculiar only to it. On Easter Day the clergy, bearing

Hôtel de Clisson.

the Host, went in procession round the interior of the Palais. When the assembly was convoked by the King, the prelates, before answering the convocation, prostrated themselves before the relics and implored the blessing of the Holy Spirit. On Whit Sunday, during the chanting of the Gospel, an " angel " descended from the vaulted roof holding a silver cruet, from which he poured water on the hands of the celebrants.

St. Nicholas des Champs.

The Conservatoire of Art.

On this day the official in charge of the sacristy and its contents was bound to present flowers, wafers, a white pigeon and flax for burning, in remembrance of the tongues of fire.

It was in the Sainte Chapelle that Isabeau, daughter of Charles VI, was officially betrothed to Richard II of England.

The Revolution brought to the Sainte Chapelle the disaster it brought to most of the Paris churches. It was closed, the gold vessels were melted down, the sacred relics dispersed. On the chapel walls was

La Balue's house in the Marais Quarter.

written " Propriété Nationale à Vendre ". Later, flour was stored within its walls. In 1800 some priests secured the lower chapel by hiring it and Mass was then said regularly. But, again, in 1803 the chapel was secularised and only in 1837 was it restored by Viollet-le-Duc and used for worship. On November 3rd 1849, the occasion of an important judicial ceremony, the ancient chants were again sung and for many following years Mass, la Messe Rouge, was celebrated with great pomp at the yearly opening of the Law Courts.

In 1870, the Sainte Chapelle was in danger of being burnt when the Palais de Justice was on fire. But by great good fortune it was not touched, and all the precious stained glass, most of it old, came through unhurt, though the flames leaped all round the building.

When the Separation Act was passed the chapel was dismantled and disaffected; but in 1915 an official Requiem Mass was said there for the barristers and other men of Law who had fallen in battle.

Leaving the quiet courtyard once

Hôtel de Beauvais, rue François-Miron.

Hôtel de Sens.

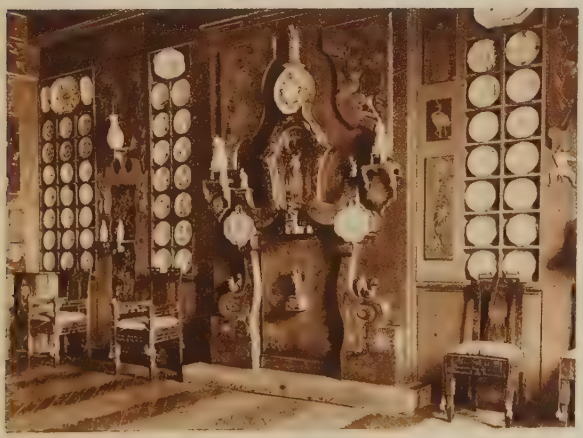
more for the noisy thoroughfare, the best view of the Palais de Justice is that seen from the Pont au Change. Since the xvth century these buildings have occupied the site of the old palace of the kings of France, the one which replaced that of the Roman Governors. Louis IX gave part of the building to his parliament and Charles XII added the rest. In 1618 and again in 1776 the palace was partly destroyed by fire. Only the four towers and parts of the basement remain of what was the old royal palace. The clock tower dates from 1298, and the clock is said to be the oldest in France.

A Courtyard on the Quai de Béthune.

Almost cheek by jowl with the Palais de Justice is the Conciergerie, a prison famous in French history. Grim and grey, it stands frowning at the river as a monument of the past. Within, the walls are marked with proofs of the horrors which have been enacted there. Most of the prisoners of the Revolution passed through the Conciergerie

Place des Vosges with the house of Victor-Hugo.

before their execution. The guardian points to the cell of Marie-Antoinette, the door against the framework of which she is said to have hit her head rather than lower it before her jailors. Robespierre, Madame Roland, Camille Desmoulins, Danton and Madame Dubarry, mistress to Louis XV, were also imprisoned here. But it is always the tragic story of Marie-Antoinette which visitors associate most closely with this stern prison.



House of Victor-Hugo. Interior.

Tales are told of her last days there, which, if not true, are at least moving enough to make the eye to flow when the promise of her youth is remembered.

Across the river, on the right bank, almost facing the Pont Neuf, stands the Tour St. Jacques, a monument of the Middle Ages to Gothic art. It is all that remains of the church of St. Jacques la Boucherie which was built in 1508-22 on the site of an earlier church, sold and demolished in 1789, during the Revolution. The tower is now used as an observatory and its memories are most closely associated for the present generation with Pascal, the great scientist, who used it for experiments in atmospheric pressure until he gave up science for religion. On the top of the tower is a statue of St. James and symbols of the Evangelists. In the surrounding garden are instruments for recording atmospheric changes. Outside the little green enclosure the roar of modern traffic is deafening. In 1871, during the Commune, the dead lay heaped about the base of the column.

From the little garden surrounding the Tour St. Jacques it is only a few steps to the quais where there is another view of the Ile St. Louis and Notre-Dame. Once more the mind reverts to the historic tales and

Notre-Dame. A detail of Sculpture.

legends which envelop that small island. The early fishermen, the Romans, the Emperor Charlemagne, Esmeralda dancing to the enchantment

Paris from the Louvre. The Pont Neuf and the Cité.

of the dwarf, Quasimodo, in the towers. All the history of royal France may be read in and about this little Ile de la Cité, so remote from the new Paris further down the river. Bossuet, Victor Hugo, Villon, are but a handful of great names which throng through the mind. In procession pass the kings and queens, the emperors and empresses, the revolutionary mobs, and the ministers of the three Republics, great soldiers, great churchmen, all the heroes of the nation have, at one time or another, gone to the Island from whence the city sprang, and to the grey cathedral which bears witness to their coming in tattered flags, words lost among the stones, tablets, statues, sacred relics, and precious monuments.

On the old Place de Grève, in the rue de Rivoli, where, in mediæval times, was set up the Maison des Pilliers, now stands the highly ornamental Hôtel de Ville which gives its name to the square. From 1310 to 1832 executions took place in this square, and it was here, after the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholemew's Day, that Catherine de Medici ordered two of the leading Huguenot chiefs to be hanged amid the jeers of the populace. Montmorency of the Scottish Guard, who had accidentally killed her husband, Henri II, in tournament, was by her

St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

orders executed on the same spot. Many another has justly or unjustly paid the penalty of death on the Place de Grève, now the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, where omnibus and taxi cab are the chief executioners and foot passengers their victims.

The Hôtel de Ville, in which municipal business is transacted and municipal entertainments are given, is an elaborate Renaissance building, dating from 1876. Inside and outside, the Hôtel de Ville is magnificently decorated, but to many it lacks charm. It is impressive and rather pompous, in its way stately, and a fit setting for mayors,

St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The Porch.

municipal councillors and their satellites in robes of state, receiving honoured visitors and conferring city benefits.

It is a refreshing thought that neither mayors nor prefects nor other

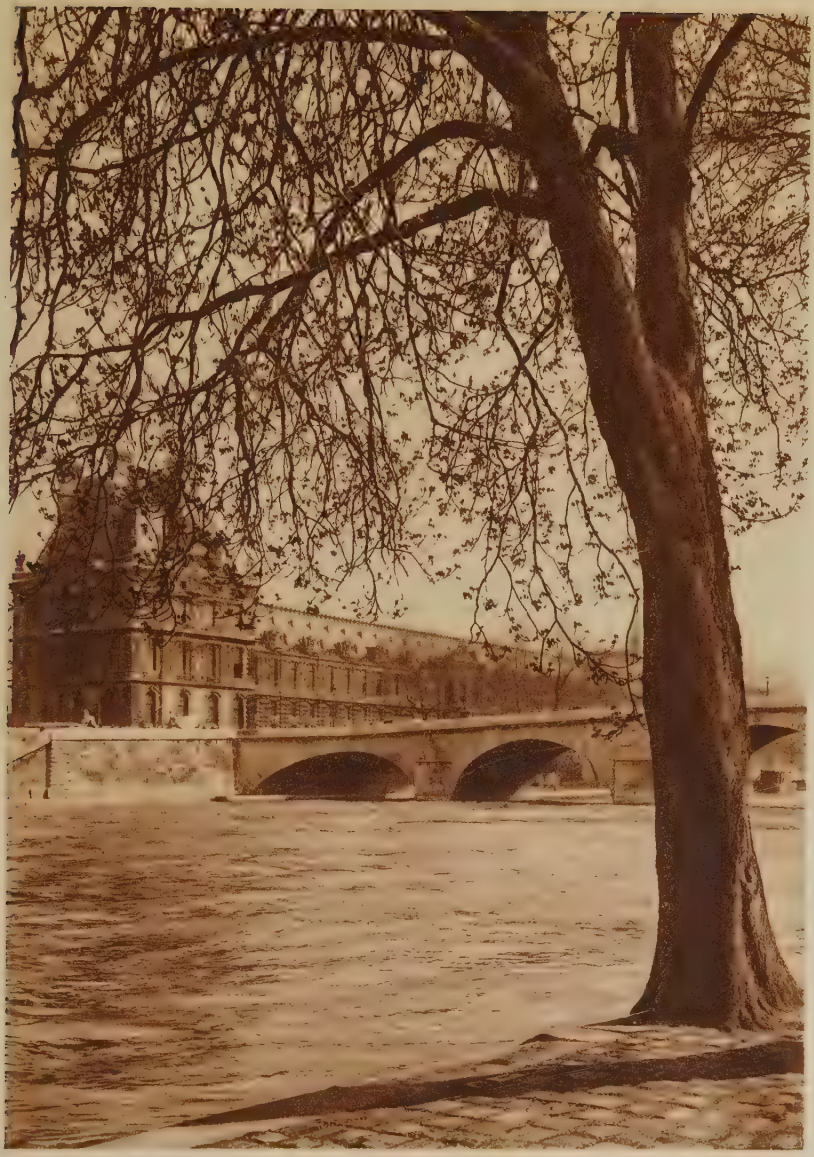
The Louvre. East Façade by Claude Perrault.

dignitaries of state can change the beauty of a flower market such as is to be seen not far away from the Hôtel de Ville on the opposite bank of the Seine. You come across it unexpectedly as you pass from one side of the river to the other in your ramblings. Surrounded by grey buildings and set about with avenues of decorative trees, it is a place to pause and rest in. You can buy there gorgeous blossoms in pots, or by the bunch, little plants for your window boxes, rose trees to grow in tubs, bunches of herbs for your cook to put into her sauces, and leaf mould by the pound. The country lover who lives in town finds joy that is half pain in walking through this market. Every flower and leaf speaks of the distant fields and gardens from which they come and what was a vague longing for wide spaces and open skies becomes, suddenly, acute heartache, painful as a sharp blow.

The Louvre. A Courtyard.

Not many yards away from the flower market is a bird market where every kind of small bird may be bought in a cage and the wherewithal to feed it. Canaries, Japanese nightingales, larks, thrushes, blackbirds, doves, the ordinary pigeon and the homely sparrow. They are all there — caged, making the best of a bad job. On the quais you will also find the barn-door fowl, the rabbit, white mice, guinea-pigs and hedgehogs — all of them penned

The Louvre. An interior Façade.



The Pont Royal and the Pavillon de Flore.

The Louvre. A façade on the quay.

The Louvre. A Doorway.

up. Goldfish swim in bowls of water and quite near are bait to catch their distant cousins in the deeper waters of the Seine.

IV

The Place de la Bastille brings you to ground that is rich in the history of strife and wild stories. Originally the Bastille was one of several fortified city gateways. It then became a castle for the provost of Paris, and finally a prison of gruesome memory. Ironically the builder of the fortress prison, Hugues Aubriot, was the first to

be imprisoned there. In 1380 he was arrested on the charge of heresy and condemned to *pénitence perpétuelle, au pain de tristesse et à l'eau de douleur*, a poetic way of describing a life sentence with a diet of bread and water. Fortunately, this sentence was not carried out. The prisoner was rescued and carried off to safety until he was set free by " influential friends ".

The buildings of the old Bastille and palace can be traced in the stones surrounding the column, and at No. 102, rue St. Antoine, where the Passage Charlemagne leads to an inner court containing an old tower with a spiral staircase, the last visible remnant of the Bastille St. Antoine, palace of the Provost, destroyed in the Revolution. Some of its stones were used to build the Pont de la Concorde.

The Louvre. The new façade on the quay.

The Colonne de Juillet was begun in 1831 and finished in 1840 in

A Pond in the Tuileries Gardens.

The Louvre Square.

memory of the men who fell in the July Revolution of 1830, when Charles X was defeated and sent into exile. Six thousand men lost their lives or were wounded in this brief struggle against a disloyal administration. On the 9th of August the head of the younger branch of the Bourbons was elected King of France in the place of the rejected Charles X and became Louis Philippe of *bon bourgeois* fame.

On the top of the column is a statue of Liberty standing on a globe. In one hand is held

The Tuileries Gardens and the Louvre.

the torch of civilisation and in the other, the broken chains of slavery.

The Place de la Bastille played an important part in the risings of 1848 and 1871. The insurgents put up their strongest barriers at the entrance to the Faubourg St. Antoine and it was here that Archbishop Affre, while preaching peace, was killed by a rebel shot. In 1871 the Place de la Bastille was one of the last strongholds of the communists. It is now a busy thoroughfare, crowded with trams, buses and taxis, dangerous to cross on foot and of no beauty whatsoever.

Toy Boats.

From the Bastille the Boulevard Beaumarchais may be taken to reach the Marais quarter. By leaving the boulevard where the rue Pas de la Mule strikes it, you at once find yourself in the

The Carrousel Arch.

centre of the Marais, the Place des Vosges.

On the walls of No. 1, Place des Vosges is a tablet with this inscription, " in this hôtel was born on February 6th, 1626, Marie Rabutin Chantal, marquise de Sévigné ". There is no name more closely associated with this old quarter of Paris than that of the Marquise de Sévigné, and no Frenchwoman is better known to foreigners. The racy charm of her letters, her love for her daughter, are things that every schoolgirl learns and remembers.

The Marais was, in a way, Madame de Sévigné's village. Not only was she born in it, but she was baptised in its parish church, St. Paul and St. Louis. She was married in St. Gervais, and her daughter in St. Nicholas des Champs. Most of her life was lived, as maid, wife and widow, in different streets round about the Place des Vosges, the last eighteen years being spent in the Musée Carnavalet.

Carrousel, the Champs-Elysées and the Arc de Triomphe from the Louvre.

The Carnavalet stands on a site which was once part of an old convent garden. It was bought by Jacques Ligneris and in 1544 from plans by Lescot, a famous architect of his day, he began to build himself a home. Jean Goujon was his sculptor and Jean Bullant his builder. A century later François Mansart was called upon to renovate and enlarge it and greatly to his honour be it said that he worked on the plans and in the spirit of his predecessors.

Louvre. The Assyrian Gallery.

During the interval between Lescot's work and that of Mansart, the house changed hands and became the property of Françoise de la Baume, Dame de Kernévalec, whose Breton name, corrupted to Carnavalet, has clung to it ever since. It was the home of Madame de Sévigné from 1677 to 1696.

Everything about the Carnavalet is romantic. The people who have lived in it, the treasures with which it is filled, the house itself. From

Louvre. The Egyptian Gallery.

the moment you pass through the gateway you fall under its spell, the beautifully proportioned rooms, the old woodwork, and an indescribable atmosphere of tender, bygone hours.

In the courtyard stands a bronze statue of Louis XIV, well in keeping with the house, since it was at his court that Madame de Sévigné played so dignified a part for some years.

The rooms on the first floor were those she occupied, and they have been as little changed as possible. It is easy to recall them as they were in her day, filled with men of wit and wisdom, with " the lady of the house " as a gracious inspiration, herself a model of virtuous womanhood, yet charmingly

Louvre. Head of a Girl.

tolerant of human frailties in others. Capable of friendships with both men and women; witty, gay, brilliant, Madame de Sévigné is the model society woman of all times.

Louvre. Tomb of Seti I.

Silent and dim as they now are, these rooms, so crowded with gentle memories, must always hold something of the graciousness of the past and it is with grateful appreciation that Parisians have welcomed the series of XVIIIth century exhibitions which the curator of the museum arranges every year. Furniture, pictures, bibelots, lent from private collections, are arranged to make each room as nearly true to period as possible. Lectures are given by experts on XVIIIth century history and concerts of the music of the period are held there to make the picture still nearer to life.

In the permanent exhibition is told the history of Paris and the

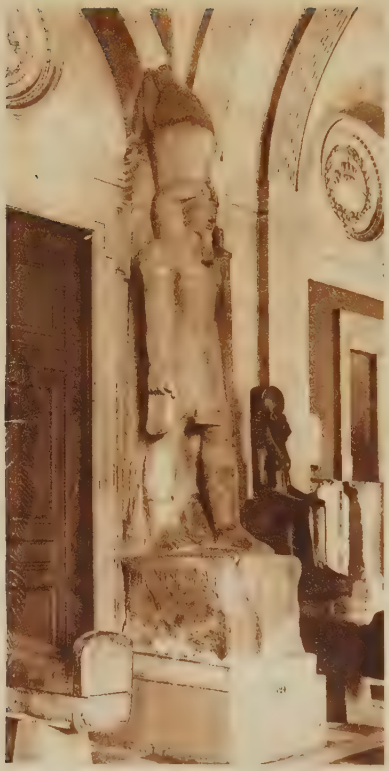
Louvre. The Cynocephales.

revolutions. There you see documents from the hand of Louis XVI, the bed Marie-Antoinette used in prison, a portrait and personal belongings of the sad-faced little Dauphin, many laces, gloves, fans, slippers and dresses of those brave women who went smiling to death. You see their portraits on the walls and those of their destroyers. You see, also, the guillotine in all its crude brutality. Tragedy is written in all this faded bric-à-brac and many a romance.

Of old houses in the quarter there are plenty, as there are in the quarter where stands the Hôtel de Soubise, now the home of the city archives. But no trace of the old château of the Tournelle remains, the palace which was once a favourite dwelling place of many successive kings, and the chosen palace of the Duke of Bedford, during the English occupation of Paris in the xvth century, when Henry VI of England claimed the right to the French throne.

Next door to the Carnavalet is the old Place Royale, now the Place des Vosges, with its stately tall red houses and its wide arcades, once crowded with fashionable life, now a

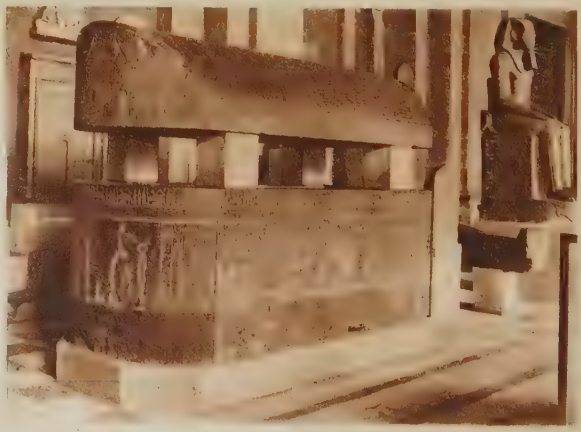
Louvre. Statue of Osiris.



Louvre. Heroic statue of Seti I.

restful corner for working people, small shopkeepers, their children, and passing visitors. On it stands Victor Hugo's old home, now installed as a museum in which have been collected many of his personal belongings. There is an American Art School at No. 9, and in No. 28 lived Ninon de Lenclos, the renowned beauty who said that a woman was never too old to fall in love. She remained charming and lovable to the last day of her life. Richelieu was her first admirer, Voltaire her last. The house in which she lived belonged to the great architect, Mansart, whose first floor tenant she used to be. Her little suppers were renowned and her rooms were frequented by men as great in history as those who bowed before Madame de Sévigné at the Carnavalet across the square.

Quite another story is that of the woman who built and lived in the Hôtel de Beauvais, situated in the rue François-Miron, another Marais street. Catherine



Louvre. Egyptian Sarcophagus.

Bellier was the wife of Pierre de Beauvais, a pedlar or shopkeeper who grew rich enough to buy his title. Madame Bellier, afterwards, Madame de Beauvais, was so malicious and evil-spoken that she was received at court and acknowledged by all out of fear of what she knew and might say. Anne of Austria gave her the stone for the construction of the house, of which the court is one of the best preserved specimens of XVIIth century domestic architecture in Paris.

Also in this neighbourhood is the church of St. Nicholas des Champs, where, in the long ago, St. Martin healed a leper. This church was built in the early Christian era. Henri I, grandson of Hugh Capet, improved it and founded the nucleus of a great abbey which, in the XIth century, was extremely rich and frequented.

Louvre. Detail of a sarcophagus.

Louvre. A kneeling figure.

The extent and beauty of this abbey may be appreciated by a visit to the Arts et Métiers Institute near by where the ancient refectory is now used as a library. It is one of the finest relics of XIIIth century architecture to be seen and is attributed to Pierre de Montereau who built the Sainte Chapelle. Some of the paving stones are those upon which monks used to perambulate, but many

Louvre. A XIIth century Annunciation.

of the most beautiful points of the abbey building have disappeared.

A larger church grew out of the smaller, and at different times throughout the ages restoration and rebuilding have resulted in a conglomeration of styles. There is the Gothic of Charles VI and that of

Louvre. Tomb of Philippe Pot.

Henri III, giving the effect of two churches in juxtaposition, the whole being quite harmonious. It has been called the church of a Hundred Columns. The reredos of the high altar is XVIIth and XVIIIth century work, the chapel of the Sacré Cœur has a XVIth century reredos with paintings on wood and in the Sainte Anne chapel the old paintings on the ceiling were hidden for years under whitewash. The Great Calvary was put up in memory of a mission in 1822. In the sacristy there is a portrait of Abbé Claude Joly by Philippe de Champagne. During the Revolution the church was used as a temple to Hymen.

At every turn in the Marais the eye falls upon some interesting house or part of a home, remnants of a stately past; an old gable, a graceful balcony, a bit of old stone carving, and now and then a building, such as the Logis de la Balue at the corner of the Rue des Francs Bourgeois, and the wonderful Hôtel de Sens, which is now classed as a *monument historique*, standing at the corner of the rue de l'Hôtel-de-Ville and the rue Figier.

Louvre. Sainte Geneviève.

Louvre. Philippe de Comines and his wife.

Formerly

Louvre. Tomb of Robert Legendre.

the seat of the Archbishops of Sens, the Hôtel de Sens was taken from them by Charles V in exchange for a house further west, on the river bank. Apart from its most interesting architecture, it is associated with many historical events. In its early days the stately rooms were used by prelates as stately, when they came from the mother church at Sens. Later in its annals stories are told of stormy scenes there when, as a meeting place for leaders of the Holy League during the religious wars, plans were hotly discussed and intrigues set on foot. Still later it became the home of Marguerite de Valois, the celebrated Margot, whose portrait by Clouet is in the château of Azay le Rideau,

Louvre. Bust of Filippo Strozzi.

Louvre. Michelangelo. The Slaves.

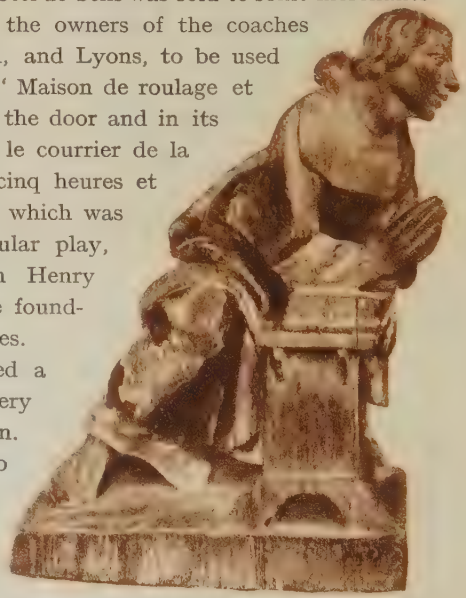
in Touraine. In this portrait she is seen with fair hair and grey-blue eyes, dancing with mischief. A less charming portrait of her is drawn in words during the year she lived her wild and reckless life in the Hôtel de Sens. " From her behaviour it could never be discovered that she had once been the wife of a king ". She received twice a week men of high rank and distinction and " by kindliness set them at ease ". There must be irony in that expression since it is followed by the story of why she so soon left her beautiful house. Arriving home after mass at the Celestine

Louvre. David. Madame Récamier.

Convent one morning, she was helped from her coach by her latest favourite, a boy of eighteen, when, before her eyes he was killed by his predecessor in her favour. On the following day she sat at her window and watched the murderer beheaded and then left the Hôtel de Sens for ever.

In the XVIIIth century the Hôtel de Sens was sold to some merchants who subsequently rented it to the owners of the coaches which ran between Paris, Dijon, and Lyons, to be used as their headquarters in Paris. " Maison de roulage et de commission " was written on the door and in its court a board announced that " le courrier de la malle de Paris à Lyon partit à cinq heures et demi du soir, 8 Floréal, an IV ", which was 27th April, 1796. The once popular play, " The Lyons Mail " in which Henry Irving acted, was written on the foundation of a true story of those times.

After this the old house led a miserable existence, falling every year into a worse state of ruin. Its noble rooms were cut up into small apartments and tenants with no respect for its architecture and history lived in



Louvre. A figurine in carved wood.

them. When the last of these tenants goes the State intends to repair and restore the house to something of its former splendour and to turn it into a museum.

Louvre. David. The Sabines.

Leaving the Place des Vosges with its shadows and its memories and crossing the new Pont de la Tournelle we come into another quarter of old houses, noble in structure and rich in historic memories. Bourbon, Orléans, Anjou, Béthune, are the names by which the quais on the Ile St. Louis are known, and not all the wonders of our mechanical age have been able to rob them of their dignity and old fashioned grace. It is true that every year some old house is transformed inside by the addition of central heating, electricity, bathrooms and every kind of xxth century convenience, but the charm is not driven away.

American millionaires, who are buying property in all the old quarters of the city, have a particular love for the Island houses. They alone can afford to restore them and furnish them with the furniture of the period,

Louvre. Portrait of David.

and so the old order changes, giving place to the new.

How charming is that little glimpse of a courtyard in the Quai de Béthune showing in the background the church of St. Louis en l'Ile. This church was begun by Nicholas le Jeune, a master builder, in 1618. At his own expense he built a small chapel which was later raised to the dignity of a church. A chancel was begun in 1664, but was not finished when the nave began to fall into ruins. The erection of a new nave was then begun and the work dragged on till 1726. In the meantime, the belfry had been struck by lightning and the present tower with its curious spire was built to replace it in 1741. The church has never been completed and the façade has remained a plain wall without the great portal designed by the architect Le Duc. It was badly knocked about in the Revolution and restored by the Abbé Bossuet in 1864 at the personal cost of strength and money, even to the selling of his treasured library. The

Louvre. Prudhon. Baron Vivant-Denon.

Louvre. Géricault. A Chasseur of the Guards.

good man died penniless and was buried by the parish, but the church

Louvre. Gros. The Plague at Jaffa.

he loved so dearly was restored and made a treasure house of sacred art.

One of the most valuable paintings in the church is an Annunciation in the Chapelle de la Communion, said to be by Raphael. Another, in the Chapelle Ste. Madeleine, is attributed to Fra Angelico. Interesting, too, is the stone on which stands the High Altar : it was brought from the Palace of Fontainebleau where, in Napoleon's day, it formed the altar in the chapel used by the imprisoned Pope Pius VII.

Louvre. A Roman bronze head.

V

Louvre. Chardin. The Buffet.

The panorama of the Louvre, the Tuileries and the distant Arc de Triomphe is one which has been described by innumerable guide books in hackneyed phrase, yet it never fails to delight the eye and interest the mind, since under the charm of ever-changing skies and days it never looks twice alike. You may cross from the left bank to the right of the Seine by the Pont Neuf, glancing at the statue of Henri IV in the centre, a fine figure of a man and a king who knew his people well, as he proved when he said that what he wanted to see was every peasant in his realm with a fowl to put in the pot on Sundays. He realised that what his subjects longed for was a feeling of security in the home, and he expressed it in homely phrase.

Louvre. Chardin. A still life.

On reaching the right bank of the river by the Pont Neuf, you face the Louvre with the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois on

Louvre. Watteau. L'Indifférent.

l'Auxerrois is one of the most interesting of the Paris churches. In 560 a small oratory was built to

Louvre. Greuze. The Milkmaid.

the right and the Pont des Arts on the left.

The church of St. Germain

Louvre. Watteau. La Finette.

the memory of Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, who was in the habit of resting at that spot on his journeys from village to village preaching and converting. A century later, under the direction of another St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, a circular baptistry was added to the original building and named St. Germain le Rond. It was used by the surrounding neighbourhood as far as St. Cloud, for baptism. Water was brought

from the Seine in abundance and at settled periods. In the dry intervals children climbed into the font for instruction, and so originated the Cathechist schools of which there are so many in France to-day.

St. Germain l'Auxerrois is also the oldest daughter of the Paris cathedrals and the priests of Notre-Dame were formerly bound to celebrate Mass there each year, on the festal day of its patron saint. Further, its chapter, quite an important one, was bound to furnish the bishop of the diocese with a horse and oats wherewith to feed it, whenever he joined the King's army.

Louvre. Watteau. Gilles.

Under the Normans the church suffered considerably and by them

Louvre. Delacroix. Dante and Vergil in Hades.

was made into a fortress surrounded by moats, which on their retirement fell into ruin. King Robert the Pious rebuilt it in the XIth century and a century later, under Philip Augustus, it became the Chapel Royal. This title may be the reason why, on the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI, a mass is said for his soul, and the old nobility attends, dressed in black. The tribune where Marie-Antoinette used to sit, the prie-Dieu where she knelt, may still be seen.

The great bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois rang joyously to announce every royal birth, every national event; it also rang the tragic signal for the Massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, 1572. The bells of this church are still the most important in the city, thirty-six in number, each one with its special name.

Nothing now remains of King Robert's church. Some of the old stones were no doubt used in successive buildings, but they cannot be traced. A XIIth century spire and four small bell towers were destroyed in the XVIIth century. The central door, the chancel and the abside are the work of the XIVth century. Almost all the rest of the church is of

later date. The high altar is XVIIth century, the iron and bronze gates of the XVIIIth. Much of the restoring work of that century was bad and some of it wickedly so. The simple, dignified pillars were fluted, the rood screen was broken and carted away. A great deal of the old glass was destroyed during the Revolution, but the rose window and four others in the south transept are ancient.

The chapel of Notre Dame de Bonne Garde is a great centre of devotion because the statue of the Virgin was miraculously saved from destruction when the mob of 1831 attacked the church and destroyed many of its beautiful ornaments. When the mob retreated the Virgin was found under a heap of rubbish, unhurt. It was thereupon placed in the chapel of St. Louis and the chapel was re-named to celebrate the miraculous preservation of our Lady.

Under the Revolution the church was declared to be a Temple de la Reconnaissance, it was restored for public worship under the Concordat. Forty years later, in 1831, it was closed again and for a time served as the Town Hall of the IVth arrondissement. Viollet-le-Duc, who built the present Town Hall, erected a tower between it and the church which was tall enough to overlook the Tuileries Palace. Napoleon III, in his fear of spies, had it suppressed.

Across the road from St. Germain l'Auxerrois is the Pavillon des Arts, exactly opposite the Pont des Arts, and the work of Louis XIV.

The name Louvre was derived from the word Louverie, a rendezvous of wolf hunters.

The early walls of

Louvre. Delacroix. Self portrait.

Louvre. Botticelli. Fresco from the Villa Lemmi.

the palace were built of hard stone from the quarries on the Mont Ste. Geneviève and were begun not earlier than 1190, not later than 1192, by Phillip Augustus.

The original plans were made for a palace more like a prison than a king's residence. How small it was may be seen to-day by noting the outline of its walls marked in white stones on the pavement of the inner court.

There were four towers and one round tower, the keep in the middle, scarcely any windows, and, surrounding it, a square moat. The original palace was built in ten years, the famous wall, within which it stood, took over twenty-one.

Louvre. Pisanello.
Portrait of a Young Woman.

Louvre. Fra Angelico. The Coronation of the Virgin.

It was not until the XIVth century that the Louvre was in any way suitable for the Kings of France to live in. Under the orders of Charles V

the rooms were then furnished and decorated afresh and the Court bidden to assemble in them. Until this was done the reigning sovereigns showed a marked preference for the old palace on the Ile de la Cité, or for the Palais des Tournelles, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul.

Louvre. Leonardo da Vinci.
The Virgin, Child and St. Anne.

A century later François Ier, known as " the Prince of the Renaissance ", made great plans for the enlargement of the Louvre. He thought to turn it into a fine Renaissance palace; but his plans did not mature. He began to demolish the old walls and got very little further than that. He had the round tower pulled down, an undertaking of five months' hard labour by a swarm of workmen. Eight months before he died he commissioned Lescot to begin the West wing. This work also François only saw in its infancy. It was only in the succeeding reign, that of Henri II, that it was completed.

Many good Parisians of the day regretted the demolishing of the

old keep and a superstition grew up which said that the hole made by its uprooting would never be filled. This superstition held good until the xxth century when the hole in question was filled up and paved over.

To see the present Louvre Palace in proper perspective, it is well to stand within the circle of white stones which mark the site of that old keep of the Middle Ages, and think backwards. Here in the Middle Ages stood the little Gothic castle, turreted and dark, typical of the time in

Louvre. Raphael.
Portrait of Balthasar Castiglione.

Louvre. Antonello da Messina.
A Portrait.

which it was built. Then, under Henri II and Catherine de Medici, came the work of Lescot and Jean Goujon, the sculptor, an amazing performance.

To what remained of the old castle they built, in the South-West corner, a wing of splendid arches, high walls decorated with wonderful sculptures.

What is now the Place du Carrousel was then a mass of small houses, narrow streets, gardens and tile works.

The southern wing was begun under Henri II, but was

Louvres. Ingres. Apotheosis of Homer.

not finished in his reign. After his death his widow, Catherine de Medici, continued the work and in 1566-76 Pierre Chambiges built to her order the Petite Galerie, a wing, originally of one storey, overlooking the Seine. She next proceeded to build the Grande Galerie which was to connect the Louvre with her new Palace of the Tuileries.

Henri IV added a second storey to these galleries, now known as the Grande Galerie and the Galerie d'Apollon. The Pavillon de Flore was also built in the reign of Henri IV and

Louvre. Ingres. Portrait of Bertin.

in 1624 the same king laid the foundation stone of the Pavillon de l'Horloge.

Under Louis XIV the Galerie d'Apollon was rebuilt after destruction by fire and the famous colonnade of twenty-eight Corinthian columns in pairs was constructed at his order by Perrault. After this the Roi Soleil neglected the Louvre for the château of Versailles and it was not until the reign of Napoleon I that work on the palace was resumed.

In 1805 the Emperor ordered the whole place to be thoroughly restored and a connecting gallery to be built between it and the Palace of the Tuileries. This wing had been built as far as the Pavillon de Rohan, when the Emperor was deposed.

Louvre. Chassériau.
Sisters of the Painter.

Louvre. Ingres. A Bather.

After another inactive period the work was continued in 1848. In 1852 Napoleon III ordered the building of the North Gallery. Finally, the South Gallery, overlooking the Seine, was enlarged, remodelled and completed between 1863 and 1868.

All these buildings welded into one great palace make an impression of supreme magnificence, hardly to be equalled in Europe. The palace of the Louvre covers three times as much ground as the Vatican, includ-

Louvre. Courbet. The Artist's Studio.

ing St. Peter's. With the exception of the rooms occupied by the Ministry of Finance, it is entirely devoted to the Fine Arts.

From the windows of the new Louvre the view is over the charming gardens of the Tuileries, from which the Palace of Catherine de Medici and Louis XIV has vanished, destroyed by the mob in 1871. Where Gambetta's florid statue now stands, once stood the church of St. Thomas, dedicated to the memory of Thomas à Becket. This church was demolished under Louis Philippe. Beyond it is the Arc du Carrousel, a monument to the victories of Napoleon I in Italy. It makes a splendid gateway to the Tuileries gardens, planned by that great French garden maker, Le Nôtre.

Louvre. Courbet. The Man with a belt.

The Tuileries Gardens are enclosed on three sides by terraces. On the North, overlooking the rue de Rivoli, is the Terrasse des Feuillants, which gets its name from a monastery of the Feuillant order, (reformed

Louvre. Manet. Olympia.

Cistercians), which once existed there. When the order was dissolved in 1791 the monastery became the meeting place of the moderate party (Les Feuillants) as opposed to the violent Jacobins. It was also used as a riding school and a meeting place of the National Convention during the Revolution. The Republic was instituted there in 1792. When the mob destroyed the Palace in 1871, the adjacent buildings went with it. On the South side, near the river is the Terrasse Bord de l'Eau, with the Orangerie. The space at the end of the Terrasse des Feuillants is known as the Jeu de Paume.

The tall trees, the fountains, the statues, the brilliant flower beds, lend beauty to this garden laid out by Le Nôtre in the reign of Louis XIV.

But it is not the monuments, not the historical memories which alone make the charm of the Tuileries gardens. It is the children, the

Louvre. Corot. The Lake at Ville-d'Avray.

lovers, the man who tames the sparrows by feeding them with bread crumbs. It is the life of to-day which gives charm and brings laughter to the flower filled spaces, to the shady groves and the broad walks. Little boys and girls cluster round the fountains to sail their boats, which can be hired at so much the hour from a man near by, or of which they can become the proud owners by paying a modest sum. Very small children ride on the wooden horses with great solemnity, feeling the great adventure to be no laughing matter. For fifty centimes they get three turns. Others sit entranced before the Guignol watching Punch beat Judy in the old, old way. Surely no-one is so conservative as a child.

Louvre. Théodore Rousseau. At Fontainebleau.

Older and more advanced youngsters skate and scoot about the paved alleys while their grown-up brothers and sisters play tennis up against the walls of the south terrace. Football is played in the open space near the Terrasse des Feuillants by

Louvre. Sisley. Floods at Port-Marly.

Louvre. Monet. Detail of Landscape.

working boys in the dinner hour. Mothers, nurses, lovers, and lonely people sit on benches and chairs, sewing, talking, dreaming, watching the lively play of youth and the light and shade of sun and clouds among the trees, the flowers and playing waters of the fountains. *Midinettes* eat bread and chocolate for lunch, powder their noses, redden their lips, and gossip as noisily as the sparrows. Here is life. There, in the palace, are memories.

VI

Since the XVIth century the rulers of France, some more, some less,

Louvre. Cézanne. A Landscape.

Louvre. Manet. The Fife Player.

sculptures, and ornaments which the nation now possesses.

No satisfactory idea of what the Louvre contains may be given in a book such as this. The appetite to visit it can only be whetted by producing photographs of a few of the things to be seen in a walk through the principal rooms.

It takes fully two hours to walk through the rooms of the Louvre without stopping. It is, thus, advisable to have a plan

have been collecting art treasures for the country, and it is into the Louvre Palace that the finest of them have been gathered. François Ier, that great patron of the arts, invited the leading painters and sculptors of his time to come to his aid and began, what Louis XIV developed so widely, a propaganda among artists and courtiers to enrich the royal galleries with the best work of the day.

By gifts, by conquests, by devious means, the nation's art treasures throughout the centuries have increased to immense proportions. Experts have tried to winnow the wheat from the chaff and have gradually reduced to order the vast number of pictures,

Louvre. Renoir. Gabrielle.

Louvre. Degas. The Dancing Class.

of what to see in a single visit, before setting out. On the ground floor are engravings and sculptures, on the first floor, pictures, the small antiquities, Mediæval and Renaissance, and modern objects of Art, furniture of the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries, drawings, and some small

Louvre. The Villeneuve-d'Avignon Pietà.

Louvre. Jean Fouquet.
Portrait of Juvénal des Ursins.

mixed collections. On the second floor is the Thomy-Thierry collection, French paintings of the XIXth century, with the Musée de Marine, the Musée Chinois and the Musée Ethnographique.

The two collections to see first are unquestionably the antique sculpture and the pictures. The first holds such famous chefs-d'œuvre as the Victory of Samothrace and the Venus of Milo. Popularity has not vulgarised that glorious figure of the Victory which seems to hold all the winds of Heaven in her wings. She was found on

Louvre. Jean Clouet. Equestrian Portrait of Francis I.

the Island of Samothrace in 1863 and is claimed to have been originally erected in memory of a victory won by Demetrius Poliorcetes

Louvre. Velasquez. Philippe IV.

supposed to have been looking at herself in the polished surface of a shield. Without arms, mutilated as she is, the Venus has inspired poets of many nations to rush into verse. She stands as a model of womanly beauty and like the Victory, she defies popular admiration to vulgarise her. Remote and palely gleaming, she stands in the grey stone room for succeeding generations to worship.

The Egyptian and Assyrian rooms are full of monuments of that amazing about 305 B.C. Much mutilated, this wonderful figure is seen standing on the prow of a vessel in the act of sounding the signal for battle upon her trumpet. Finely placed at the head of the Escalier Daru, leading out of the Pavillon Denon, the principal entrance, the Victory dominates her immediate surroundings.

In a room of grey stone stands the Venus of Milo alone. You see her from a distance, gleaming among the shadows like a pearl. This statue, one of the greatest treasures of the Louvre, was found by a peasant in 1820 on the Island of Melos at the entrance of the Greek Archipelago, and sold to the French Government for Frs. 6000. The Venus is

Louvre. Velasquez.
The Infanta Marguerita.

civilisation of long ago, with its religion, customs and arts. The Louvre collection is accounted one of the most complete in Europe and is arranged in order of dynasties.

The collection of Mediæval and Renaissance sculptures is full of interest and charm. One of the most important French works is the monument of Philippe Pot, grand seneschal of Burgundy and favourite of Philip the Good, 1390-1467.

Louvre. Ribéra. The Lame Boy.

Louvre. Velasquez.
Portrait of a Young Woman.

So rich in sculpture, old and new, French and foreign, is the Louvre that to touch on the subject lightly is presumption. In the Salle de Phidias are broken statues of great beauty, and fragments of the Parthenon frieze. In the Salle Michelangelo the famous Fettered Slaves eternally struggle for liberty. In the Salle Jean Goujon is some of this great XVIth century sculptor's best work, and nearer to our own times in a collection apart are some of the works of Rude, Carpeaux and Frémiet.

The Salle des Cariatides, now filled with ancient sculpture, was originally an ante-chamber of the apartments of Catherine de Medici and it was here that on August 19th, 1572, Marguerite de Valois, sister of

Charles IX, was married to Henri IV, the protestant King of Navarre. Admiral Coligny and other Huguenot leaders were present at the marriage. Only five days later, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, the order was given for the massacre of the Huguenots and the arrest of all the leaders, including Henri IV himself.

In the XVIIth century, the Salle des Cariatides was used by Molière as a theatre for his plays.

Louvre. Titian. Francis I.

Louvre. Rembrandt. Christ at Emmaus.

Adjoining it is the Pavillon de l'Horloge with the Henri II staircase leading to the first floor. Modern sculpture is collected in the lower rooms of the Pavillon de l'Horloge and comprises chiefly French works between the XVIIth and XIXth centuries.

The picture galleries of the Louvre hold about three thousand paintings. Almost every school in the world is represented and artists from every country come to study and to copy among them. Masterpieces of

Louvre. Rembrandt. Self Portrait.

every great painter are to be found, up to those of modern times, since ten years after his death, the works of a French painter have the right to a place on the walls of the National Museum.

A large number of modern works have been sent recently from the Luxembourg, including canvasses by Renoir, Monet and Cezanne. Further acquisitions of 1928 are a head of Rembrandt, works by Puvis de Chavannes and some precious Egyptian remains. The French, Italian, Dutch, Flemish, German and English schools are now carefully arranged and hung in separate order.

In Italian pictures the Louvre is exceptionally rich. The Florentine school is of primary importance. There is one authentic Cimabue and one Giotto. Fra Lippo Lippi is represented by a " Madonna and Child ". Botticelli's charming " Madonna " is of his earlier period. His frescoes from the Villa Lemmi, just outside room VII, near the Victory of Samothrace, are among the most famous treasures of the gallery. Originally painted as marriage offerings, they were found in 1873 in the villa at Florence from which they get their name. Peru-

Louvre. Hals. A Bohemian.

gino, master of the Umbrian school, is represented by an important early work; a round picture of the Madonna with Ste. Rose and Ste. Catherine, and by a St. Sebastian in a later, richer manner. Of the Mantegnas, the " Madonna of Victory " is, perhaps, most expressive of his mature work, with its noble figures, draperies, fruits and coral sprays.

Louvre. Rembrandt. Tobit and the Angel.

In works from Italian masters of the XVIth century, the Louvre is also notably rich. Leonardo da Vinci who lived in France under François Ier, his patron, is one of the most popular masters. His " Mona Lisa ", his " Vierge aux Rochers ", " La Belle Ferronière ", " John the Baptist ", painted from the same model as the Bacchus, and the " Vierge, l'Enfant et Sainte Anne " are some of the best known examples of his work to be found in the Louvre.

Of Raphael's work also the Louvre possesses many fine examples. Of his earlier works there are the small pictures of St. George and St. Michel. The " Belle Jardinière " is of the third period. Later still, when

Louvre. Rubens. The Arrival of Marie de Medici in France.

the love of art for art's sake had freed him somewhat from religious conventions, he painted the " Holy Family of St. Francis ",

Louvre. Van Dyck. Charles I.

so called because it was painted specially for the French king, François Ier.

Louvre. Dürer. An old Man.

Correggio is seen in the Louvre in two pictures only, the " Marriage of Ste. Catherine " and " Jupiter and Antiope ".

Titian is much more widely represented. The " Madonna with the Rabbit ", and the " Rest on the Flight to Egypt " are among the many fine religious subjects. The famous " Portrait of a Man with a Glove " is a most sensitive picture of a modest boy, who might well serve as a study for Hamlet. The portrait of François Ier is wonderful in colour, if a little hard, and in " Alphonse with Laura Dianti " you see Titian's great gift for painting the full voluptuous charms of Venetian women.

Of Flemish pictures the Louvre has a large number. Jan Van Eyck's " Madonna " is a gem of which France may be justly proud. Memling's " Madonna " may be ranked with it, and there is another " Madonna " by Quentin Matsys, founder of the Antwerp school, in which there is real charm, though the " Banker and his Wife " is perhaps a finer example of his work.

Rubens is chiefly represented by twenty one pictures of scenes in the life of Marie de Medici, that " large fat woman whom nobody loves ".

Louvre. Holbein. Nicholas Kratzer.

Louvre. Holbein. Erasmus.

Van Dyck's " Charles I of England " and " Francisco de Moncada " are the best of several fine works by this painter of aristocrats.

David Teniers, whose work Louis XIV did not appreciate, is now a pride to the museum.

Louvre. Russell. Child wilh Cherries.

The Dutch masters of the XVIIth century are moderately well represented. The Rembrandts stand first, but Frans Hals is well seen in the portraits of the Berestyn family and that of the " Laughing Girl ". Rembrandt's " Christ at Emmaus ", his " Tobit and the Angel " are among the notable religious pictures from his brush, and the four portraits of himself by himself show the steady development of his genius as he grew in years and knowledge.

Of French masters the works are many and form in themselves a separate history of art. From Clouet to Sisley the story is long, and before Clouet was Fouquet, court painter to Charles VII and Louis XI. He established the art of Touraine, where the Court was then held. Fouquet's best known miniatures are at Chantilly but there are two charming examples in the Louvre, one St. Margaret tending sheep, the other St. Martin sharing his cloak with a beggar. In the portrait of Charles VII, the painter has caught the vacillating spirit of the king whom Joan of Arc awoke from lethargy.

After Clouet came Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Le Sueur, Charles Le Brun, Jouvenet, Rigaud, Largillière.

Under Louis XV France

Louvre. Reynolds. Master How.

had the charming Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, Nattier, Chardin, and Greuze, all impregnated with the elegance, aristocratic and frivolous, if you will, but supremely wellmannered, of the XVIIIth century.

Then came Jacques Louis David, who, tired of the frivolity of Boucher, and inspired by the teachings of Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau, worked with an entirely new spirit. Proud and revolutionary, he almost starved before he found fame. His earlier work was inspired by the antique, his later work was more human. Prud' hon was the most original of David's contempories, Ingres was his faithful pupil, but of milder spirit and a master of line.

Louvre. Lawrence. J. Angerstein and his Wife.

As a protest against David's classicism there sprang up another school of romanticists, realists and impressionists. Baron Gros is called the painter of Napoleonic victories. Géricault who studied Rubens, Titian and Correggio, and worked under Guérin, was advised by his master to give up art because he put too much

Louvre. The Victory of Samothrace.

expression and dramatic action into all he did. Eugène Delacroix was the champion of the Romanticists. Delaroche was his pupil. Then came Manet with his quiet realism and careful technique, and Meissonier who was as little influenced by current opinion as Décamps. Eugène Fromentin was a writer as well as a painter and French criticism is at its best in his "Maître d'Autrefois".

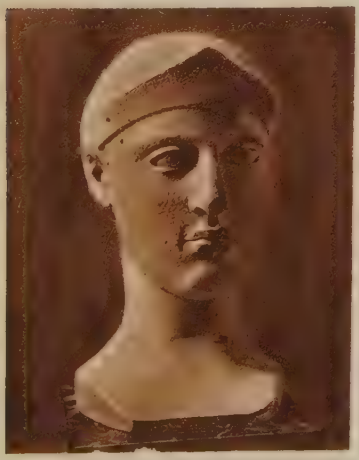
We now come to the Barbizon school with Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Daubigny and Jules Dupré. A wonderful breath of fresh air and peace is brought into the world of art by these painters to be followed by the stronger impressionism of Sisley, Cézanne, Claude Monet, Renoir and Degas.

Of English pictures in the Louvre there are only about twenty, but they are all by great men. Wilson, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Bonington, Raeburn, Hoppner, Lawrence and Russell are represented.

Louvre. A Gallery of Classic Sculpture.

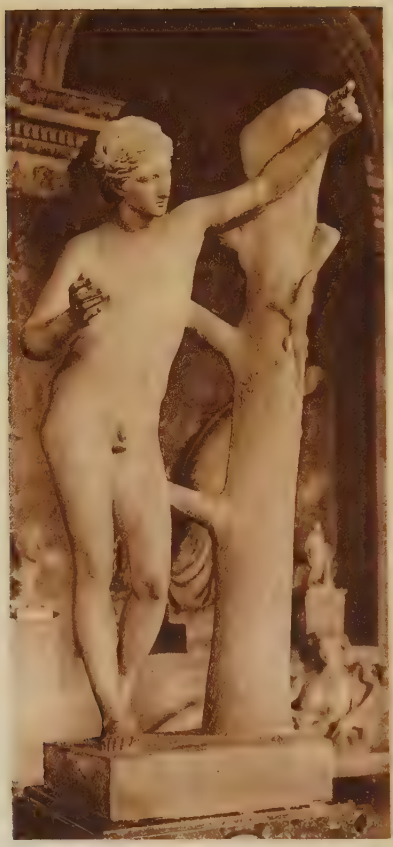
Of Spanish pictures the Louvre possesses a greater number than any gallery outside Spain. Two of them are genuine Velasquez; the portrait of the Infanta Margaret, and "the Assembly of Artists". "The Infanta" from the La Caze collection is probably another.

Of Murillos there are many. The famous

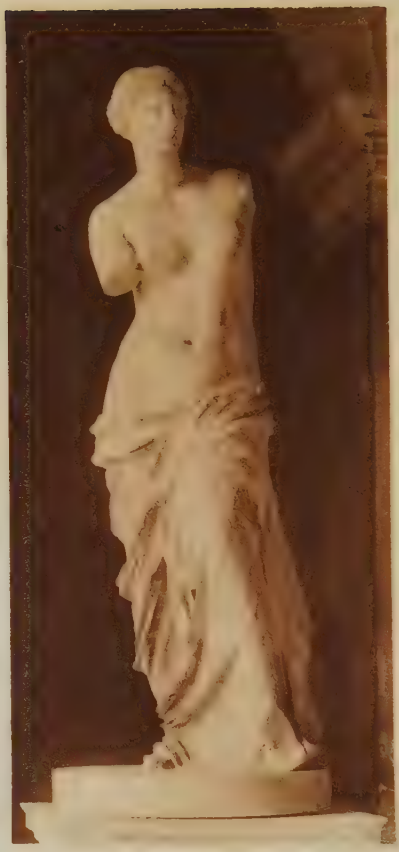


Louvre.
Aegina. Head of Minerva.

Louvre. Bust of the Emperor Commodus.



Louvre. Apollo.



Louvre. Venus de Milo.

" Immaculate Conception ", the " Virgin of the Rosary " and the " Miracle of San Diégo " are all warmly southern and Spanish in religious feeling, but more than one art critic has said that Murillo's real claim to fame comes with his painting of street waifs, taking as an example his " Beggar Boy " in the Louvre. Ribera and Zurbaran are also represented, and the incomparable Goya is seen in the " Portrait of de Castro " which does not do him justice, the " portrait of Guillemarde, French Ambassador to Spain ", and in the " Young Spanish Woman ". This last is the best and most typical of his work, full of

dash and verve.

Of early German work Holbein is the great apostle in the Louvre. His "Astronomer", "Nicholas Kratzer", "Erasmus", "Anne of Cleves", and "Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury" are pictures which everyone notes and admires. A straight plain genius with no monkey tricks. Of Albrecht Durer there are but two pictures in the Louvre, both done in water colour, one "The Head of an Old Man", the other "The Head of a Child".

Louvre. Barye. The Fighting Centaur.

In the immense Galerie d'Apollon, built by Henri IV are some beautiful tables, chairs, cabinets, and glass cases with jewels, trinkets and enamels, including the famous Regent diamond, bought by Philippe d'Orléans, regent for Louis XV, from William Pitt. The walls show Gobelins tapestries of kings and great artists.

Louvre. The Sacrifice of a Bull (Roman).

Furniture of the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries is collected in the

Louvre. Frémiet. Pan.

Louis XIV rooms, used formerly as Council rooms. On an upper floor is found the Musée de Marine with a fine collection of ships of all times, a corner of the Palace in which boys delight.

The mind, as well as the body, is wearied after a prolonged visit to the Louvre. What was pleasure becomes labour. The only satisfactory way of seeing its treasures is to go often and stay but a short time at each visit.

Louvre. Carpeaux. Portrait of Beauvois-Devaux.

Louvre. Caffieri. Portrait of Helvétius.

For the student there are lectures to be followed, given both in English and French. For the tourist there are guide books which give good suggestions for seeing the principal pictures and sculptures with the least possible loss of time and fatigue.

VII

In the crowded quarter of Les Halles stands the church of St. Eustache, the largest in the city after Notre Dame and Sacré Cœur. Tradition says that the original church was built by one, Alias, in 1260 in expiation for " his sins of cupidity in the Paris markets ", and dedicated to Ste. Agnès. The old crypt still bearing the name of Ste. Agnès, has been rented to a greengrocer who, under the very walls of the church does good business.

Louvre. Carpeaux. Portrait of Mademoiselle Fiocre.

Louvre. Girardon. Portrait of Boileau-Despréaux.

In the XIIIth century Ste. Agnès became a parish church. It was made larger and relics from St. Denis were brought there. It was

Louvre. Carpeaux. Portrait of Marquise de la Valette.

Louvre. Coustou. Portrait of Nicolas Coustou.

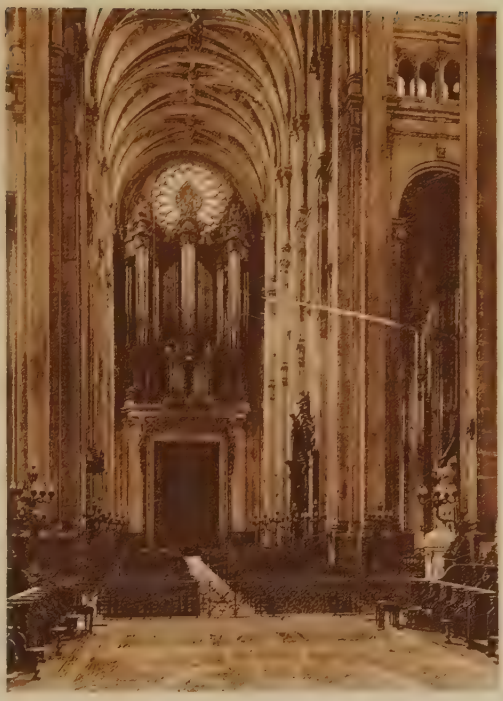
St. Eustache.

about this period that the name was changed from Ste. Agnès to St. Eustache, the feast day of Ste. Agnès being still kept in January, that of St. Eustache in September.

St. Eustache.
Entrance to the rue Montmartre.

During the XVIth century the neighbourhood of St. Eustache was fashionable and the church could not accommodate the increased congregation, so a grand church was planned and the first stone was laid in 1532. But the work went slowly and it was not until a century later that it was finished. In 1637 it was consecrated by the first archbishop of Paris, Jean de Gondi. Old prints show a façade of Gothic architecture, quite in keeping with the rest of the

church, whereas the present façade, the work of the XVIIIth century, is heavy and ungraceful. At the same time two chapels and a bay of the nave were cut off, thus spoiling the proportions of the whole building.



St. Eustache. The Nave.

Surrounded as St. Eustache was in the past by great mansions inhabited by nobles and ministers of State, it was formany years a centre of religious activities. It was looked upon as a royal church, since the kings of France, with their families, frequently attended its services. Louis XIV made his first Communion there, and, oddly enough, it was the parish church of his last love, Madame de Maintenon, as a girl. Colbert, the finance minister of Louis XIV, was buried there, and also La Fontaine, the writer of fables which are to France what "Alice in Wonderland" is to England. Every French child is brought up on them. Mirabeau also lay for a short time in this church, before being carried to the Panthéon.

St. Eustache. Tomb of Colbert.

During the Revolution St. Eustache became a place of rioting and debauchery terrible to contem-

Square des Innocents.
Fountain by Jean Goujon.

plate. Fortunately its most precious relics were saved by being carried to the Musée des Petits Augustins. After the Revolution it was one of the first churches to be restored to public worship. Under the Commune there was more trouble. The Vicar was taken by the Communists, but the market women saved him from death " Ces dames des Halles " would not admit of their beloved Curé being guillotined and they informed the authorities that they had better set him at liberty or they, the Ladies of the Market, would make it hot for them.

Inside, the church is impressive and holds many beautiful and interesting things. The high altar is of white Parian marble, the choir stalls are beautifully carved. They were brought from the convent of Picpus during its period of suppression in 1795. The Municipal bench is pure Renaissance. The door of the sacristy is XVIth century work. Above it is the tribune used by the mother of Louis Philippe, the Duchess of Orleans. Her prie-Dieu is also there and

The Nymphs by Goujon.

an altar cloth embroidered in jet which dates from Louis XIII. Some of the pictures in the chapels are attributed to old masters, but nothing is vouched for.

The organ of St. Eustache is world-renowned, and the musical services in the church are among the finest in Paris. The midnight mass on Christmas Eve is a festival for which seats are booked weeks ahead and on Good Friday Rossini's Stabat Mater is sung.

Gardens of the Palais Royal.
Statue of Victor Hugo by Rodin.

The central markets, which lie close to the walls of this old church, so rich in memories of royal France, form a little world alone. Les Halles feed all Paris and the surrounding neighbourhood. Carts from the country bring food into the markets all night long, and much of it goes through the gates again next day to supply suburban markets and tradesmen. It is a remarkable sight to see the markets at dawn of day. Flowers,

Palais Royal Gardens.

vegetables, fruit, poultry, fish and meat lie in great masses to be sold to hotel proprietors, restaurant cooks, private chefs, provision stores and to anyone who likes to get up to catch the early worm and so economise on the day's takings or on the daily allowance. The people of the market are known to be tough subjects, and they conduct their business on hard lines.

Victor Hugo by Rodin.

In the near neighbourhood is the famous restaurant where snails are cooked to perfection. Another famous eating house is the Beau Noir, in the rue du Jour. Here you see the men and women

from the markets having lunch, with their pockets full of money and their plates lavishly garnished with food. No better food at a moderate price is to be found in Paris.

In the same quarter on the other side of the rue Berger is the Square

Place de l'Opéra and rue de la Paix.

des Innocents, once the Cemetery of the Innocents of which Mr. Hilaire Belloc writes with such force and interest in his " Lutetia ". The markets and their immediate surroundings, as he points out, have always been the centre of the Parisian populace, and they still remain so. It is in this district, to-day, as long ago, that you find the types of men and women which form the " lower tradition of the capital ". There, at night, you may see the homeless, the street artists, the hawkers, the beggars, such men as Villon knew in the Middle Ages.

In those grim days the Cemetery des Innocents was their meeting place, squalid as the lives of the men and women who frequented it. In the middle stood a pillory, a mouldering Cross and an open air pulpit from which in

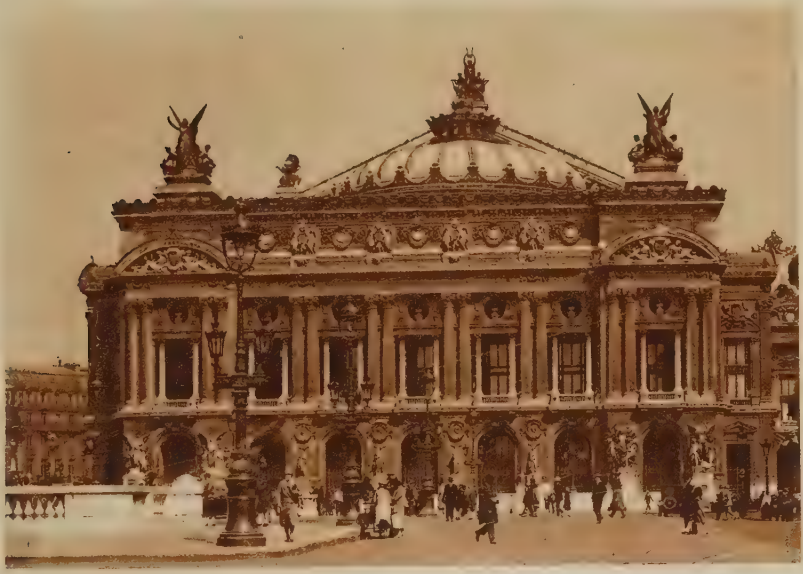
Avenue de l'Opéra.

the xvth century, during Lent, a Franciscan monk preached to them from dawn to dark in a desperate effort to convince them of their sin.

At the East end of the cemetery stood a mortuary chapel with a cracked bell which tolled for the dead who were buried in this unholy ground, but buried only for a time, since burial, then, was but a transitory state. The bones were dug up and piled in the charnel galleries which surrounded the square under cloisters upon whose walls were painted gloomy frescoes to feed the melancholy minds of those who looked on them.

La Danse by Carpeaux.

The pictures of the Danse Macabre remained there until 1669 when Louis XIV had the cloisters and the frescoes removed, to where, has never been discovered. And so Europe lost a marvel and Paris let it go without a regret.



The Opera House.

In these lugubrious surroundings the " people " of the Middle Ages held strange and dangerous festivals, laid plans for rioting and pillage, murder and every evil thing they knew. Looking on the little garden, as it now is, with its beautiful fountain by Lescot and Goujon, it is hard to believe that such things could ever have been.

Leaving the Halles and their somewhat depressing neighbourhood, you may turn towards the Palais Royal, with its quiet gardens, its deserted arcades, its shops which never seem to do any business, its statues of great men, its palace now turned into flats, and find sad memories if you will, but none so lugubrious as those of the Square des Innocents.

The Palais Royal, once known as the Palais Cardinal, was built by Riche-

The Saint Martin Gateway.

lieu for his own pleasure. In 1624 he bought from Madame de Fresne the large town house, known as the Hôtel Rambouillet, and it is on the site of that house that the court of the Palais Royal now is.

From 1629 the Great Cardinal was busy buying out house-holders and shop-keepers until he had all the land he wanted for his palace and gardens. Le Mercier was the architect who for years worked with him on the building of this palace.

When the Cardinal died he left the house and grounds to the Crown and Louis XIV passed most of his boyhood there.

Until the end of the XVIIth century no changes were made. The house was left as Richelieu planned it, but during the next hundred years it was greatly altered and the gardens gradually became streets.

During the Regency before Louis XV

The Saint Denis Gateway.

Avenue de l'Opéra.

St. Germain de Charonne.

came of age, the Palais Royal was at its height of gaiety. Under Philippe Egalité also life was fashionable and boisterous and in the Palais Royal gardens with its gaming saloons, its cafés and restaurants there was a merry parade of dandies and ladies of society and the demi-monde.

A Monument in Père Lachaise.

It was here that Camille Desmoulins called the people to arms on July 12th, 1789, two days before he led them to the capture of the Bastille. His statue stands in the gardens to-

The St. Martin Canal.

day, to remind us of his spirited oratory. From 1801 to 1807 the Tribunal sat in the Palais Royal and in 1804 gave imperial hereditary rights to Consul Napoleon Bonaparte.

In 1815 the Orleans family came to live in the Palace and remained there until 1848. Under the Second Empire Prince Jerome Napoleon and his son were the inhabitants. In 1871 the Communards set fire to it and since its restoration it has been a state building occupied by a Conseil d'Etat.

Efforts have been made at different times to make the Palais Royal gardens and cafés popular again. But with no success. Silence and a shade of melancholy haunt its spaces, greatly to the joy of the people who have flats in the old palace, and whose children, with others of the quarter, play under the trees, round the fountains, and about the pedestals of the statues. Pigeons live among the chimneys and at night the gardens are the happy hunting grounds of cats.

Leading from the Palais Royal past the Théatre Français, is the Avenue de l'Opéra, with its splendid shops ending in a wide square, the Place de l'Opéra, on to which the Opera House looks. The Grands Bou-

A Corner of the boulevard Sébastopol.

levards cut across it and leading from it is the rue du Quatre Septembre,

Sacré Cœur. A bird's-eye view.

at the end of which is the Bourse, the Stock Exchange of Paris. The rue de la Paix, the luxury street of Paris also leads off the Place de l'Opéra into the Place Vendôme, that most beautiful of all squares, with the Napoleon Column in the centre.

The Opera House is the work of Charles Garnier. It was designed by him in 1861 and finished in 1874. It is said to be the largest theatre in the world. Massive, ornate, pompous, it yet is one of the great monuments of Paris. Its marble staircase, its foyer, its immense auditorium, have been thronged with such brilliant crowds to see such wonderful spectacles on the stage, that criticism of the architecture is lost in admiration of the passing show.

The museum at the Opera contains costumes, models of theatres, portraits, busts and MSS. which together, form a small history of the house and its artistes. A ball at the Opera is still picturesque and a Gala performance offers one of the most brilliant scenes that modern society can show when foreign Royalty is present.

Walk whichever way you may from the Opera, you find yourself in a world of luxurious shops. The boulevards with their tall trees and gay kiosks are thronged with people on the pavements, some walking

The Basilica at Montmartre.

briskly on business, others sauntering as tourists, many sitting on café terraces watching the world go by. In the roadway the traffic is dangerously rapid, and hopelessly congested. Policemen with white bâtons do their best to control it and it is a problem to which the Préfet de Police gives constant study. He is al-

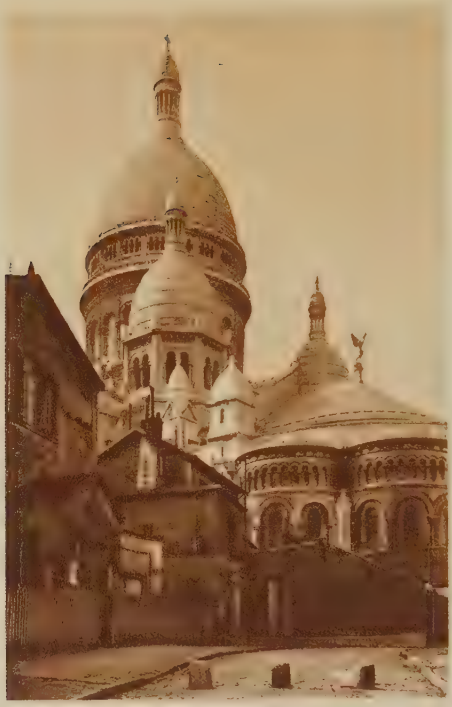
Place du Tertre.

ways introducing new ideas, issuing new rules. Mounted police, automatic signs, one way streets, are now used to help the man with the white bâton who gets so excited in argument and can so cleverly turn a deaf ear and a blind eye on pedestrians and drivers when so it seemeth good to him.

The Boulevards are not the favoured spots with Parisians that they once were. The old charm has gone from the cafés, the restaurants which once were the "clubs" of men of letters, politicians, journalists, men-about-town. Tourists have come to take possession of the ways the *boulevardiers* once walked so happily and of the cafés where they sat. There are no sacred spots where gossip and scandal of interest may be heard, no notable people can be singled out for the crowd to gaze at. The foreigner, the globe trotter, the international visitor, have driven away intimate Parisian society from its lair and with it the peculiar atmosphere of the boulevard.

St. Pierre de Montmartre.

The great gates of Saint Martin and Saint Denis, which stand respectively at the beginning of the Faubourg St. Martin and the beginning



Rue du Chevalier-de-la-Barre and the Sacré Cœur.

people who live and work on them and in their neighbourhood are shopkeepers, artisans, men and women of the people. They are not poor, they work hard, save hard, and some of them play hard. They are the *petit bourgeois* of Paris, well instructed, not educated in taste or manners, very well pleased to be what they are and where they are, so long as trade is good and work regular. A people not to be ignored, since the petit bourgeois is the backbone of the

of the Faubourg St. Denis, were built in honour of victories by Louis XIV. Their uselessness as gates is clear, but it may be hoped that no ruthless moderniser will, in the name of solving traffic problems, demolish them, since they are landmarks of that old city, which is all too quickly disappearing to give way to the new.

To pass from the Grands Boulevards to the lesser and on to the exterior boulevards is to leave one world for another. The Grands Boulevards are international, the lesser boulevards and the boulevards exterior are French. The

Moulin de la Galette.

Behind the Sacré Cœur.

Place du Tertre.

town, as the peasant farmer is the backbone of the country.

The Boulevard Voltaire which leads to Père Lachaise is typical of the boulevards inhabited by the *petits bourgeois*. Busy, noisy, ugly, but not unhealthy, it is much preferred as a dwelling place by the housewives of that class to the best of the suburbs.

The Canal St. Martin which runs all through the xth arrondissement has quais on either side, busy with the unloading of merchandise from the barges and surrounded by great warehouses, manufactories and blocks of working men's dwellings. There is also

The Moulin Rouge.

the Canal de l'Ourcq which is as busy as the St. Martin. By these waterways come much of the merchandise which Paris imports.

In the Ménilmontant quarter, in the rue de Bagnolet may be found the church of St. Germain de Charonne, a state monument. This church stands on the spot where Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, stopped to rest on his way to England in the year 429. Tradition speaks of a miracle being wrought there by him and it was in memory of this that an oratory was erected. In the XIth century the oratory was replaced by a church, a buttress of which building still stands. In the XIIth century rebuilding went on again and part of the tower, some of the pillars, and the lower end of the nave date from that period. Restoration on a big scale was undertaken in the XVth century and XVIth century, but the

Parc Monceau. The Iron Gates.

Parc Monceau. An Autumn Morning.

surrounding country was at that time much disturbed by the wars of the Fronde and the church suffered from them. The abside was totally destroyed, but the form of it is still traceable on the ground, east of the chancel. The quaint little tower is Norman. The rood is partly Romanesque, partly Gothic, all on a very small scale. Old inscriptions, coats of arms, records of gifts made to the church by great nobles are seen on the walls.

In the Parc Monceau.

On the rising

Parc Monceau. The Naumachia.

ground behind the church lies the Charonne cemetery bounded at one end by one of the Paris reservoirs which was once the pauper's burial ground, the Fosse Commune, of the neighbourhood. In the middle of the cemetery, unmarked by any stone, or cross, but covered by green grass, lie the bones of thousands of victims of the Revolution. At another spot is a vault elaborately railed round, and on a pedestal, the figure of a man in Directoire costume. It is the statue of Robespierre's private secretary who, after the mists of battle had dispersed, came to live in the, then, peaceful countryside of Charonne. He cultivated his garden and designed his own tomb, himself superintending the workmen as they executed it. A grim memory of a grim period, the iron railings show in little the form of the instruments of torture used by Revolutionary officers.

Parc Monceau. The Lake.

In the Parc Monceau.

VIII

Montmartre is associated with a variety of contradictory elements by visitors to Paris. To some it means the great new church and a wonderful view over the city from the hill; little more. To others it is a place in which to seek carnival adventures among night clubs and music

In the Parc Monceau.

The Peristyle of the Madeleine. Rue Royale and Place de la Concorde.

halls. But there are still other Montmartres than these; the Montmartre of the painter, the musician, the writer, the working man and his family.

On the hill, *la Butte*, as it is called familiarly by the inhabitants, in the narrow streets and little squares, live hard-working men and women with prejudices as parochial and set as in any village in

The Flower Market at the Madeleine.

the country. Paris for them, lies at the foot of the hill, a place quite distinct from Montmartre. The Parisians come up on foot, by car, by 'bus and by the funicular railway, which is about to disappear. They,

The Madeleine.

the Montmartrois, go down in turn, to see Paris, to work there, and some leave their native village on the hill to live there. But the true Montmartrois is stubbornly loyal to Montmartre and inclined to suspicion of the great city lying *là-bas* in the mists. The story of " Louise " is not uncommon, that of the apache is less true.

The church of Sacré Cœur with its immense dome has, until quite recently, been surrounded by untidy rubbish heaps, scaffolding and importunate beggars, but the approach now lies up a pleasantly arranged garden and the entrance with its two great bronze horses is impressive.

Sacré Cœur is modern yet not without a certain historic interest, since it was begun in the days following the Franco-German war of 1870 by a very sorrowing people. On the 23rd of July 1873 the National Assem-

Terrace of the Tuileries Gardens

The Strasbourg Statue

bly voted a law in favour of the construction of a church by public subscription. The Archbishop of Paris had proposed it in the name of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to call down on France, and Paris in particular, Divine Protection and mercy. He was granted the ground which was to be for ever the property of the archiepiscopal see.

There was never any discussion about the site, but there was heavy work to be done to prepare the ground, which was not solid and safe, but of friable sandstone and plastic clay for some depth. The

Place de la Concorde.

hill had to be probed down to the level of the Seine, and the foundations had to be solidified upwards from that bed rock of hard stone. A vast crypt with chapels and passages lies below the church throughout its width and length.

Every kind of person has contributed to the building of this " church of the National Vow ". Catholics all over the country, members of the Government, and in 1875 when the foundation stone was laid, a regiment of soldiers assisted at the ceremony with a great number of church dignitaries.

Statue of the town of Lille.

Winter in the Place de la Concorde.

The first Mass was celebrated in the crypt in April 1881. Since then Sacré Cœur has become the great pilgrim church. Believers come from all over France singly and in associations to attend the services and ceremonies which take place there all the year through. In 1913 the belfry tower was finished, and quite recently the great horses of bronze were placed at the entrance.

The style is XIIth century Byzantine, and was chosen by the Committee in preference to Gothic because, out of the eighty-six competitors, only three had prepared Gothic plans. The architect whose name was Abadie died during the construction. His plans have been faithfully followed.

A great bell, named La Savoyarde, was a gift from Chambéry. The voice of La Savoyarde may be heard many miles away. Inside the church is a lamp in the shape of the stern of a ship, which is placed in the Chapelle de la Marine. In the Chapelle Ste. Radegonde there is a beautiful altar made of Carrara marble. Much of the detail decoration in the church is quite good, but the whole is heavy and you feel that time alone can bring harmony to its immensity.

In the Champs-Elysées.

Close up to the new white walls of Sacré Cœur stands the church of St. Pierre, on the site of the first Christian church of the Parisii, the

The Marly Horses. Champs Elysées.

fisher-folk of the Ile de la Cité, which replaced a pagan temple, probably to Mars. Four dark marble pillars in the present church, two in the sanctuary, two at the West door, are the only remains of the Roman temple.

The first Christian church was built in memory of St. Denis, the martyr who died on the hill of Montmartre. It passed through many vicissitudes. Allowed to fall into decay, it was restored in the IXth century, given over to the monks of St. Martin des Champs who lived on the hill for between forty and fifty years. In the reign of Louis XI it went to the Benedictine nuns, who, with the help of the king and queen, a princess of Savoy, founded a Benedictine Abbey, remains of whose walls still stand.

The Tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

In the chancel of St. Pierre, known as the Chœur des Dames, each Abbess of the Convent was buried. Alongside these holy women lies the queen foundress herself

The Arc de l'Etoile.

who, after being twice a widow, retired from the world to her own Abbey and died there in 1540. Her effigy is still preserved on an old tombstone, the edge of which is all holes, once filled with precious stones.

About the middle of the XVIth century a fire destroyed a great part of the Abbey, and a century later the nuns retired to a building attached to a little chapel lower down the hill, dedicated to St. Martin.

During the Revolution, St. Pierre was used by the people as a store house for munitions, and as a

Rude. La Marseillaise.

Esplanade des Invalides and the Invalides, seen from the roof of the Grand Palais.

temple of Reason. In recent years, it was a station for wireless telegraphy, and but for the intervention of the Société des Amis des Monuments Parisiens, it would have been razed to the ground. Through them it was restored and opened for public worship in 1908. The façade is not interesting architecturally, but inside there are Gothic arches and pillars of great beauty. The marble slab of the High Altar was once on the altar of the old Abbey chapel.

The Alexander III Bridge.

The Calvary near this church formerly stood on the summit of Mont Valérien with stations of the Cross in low relief, and an underground chapel. The chapel of Notre Dame de Lourdes, which is also near by, is no longer used as a place of worship.

History says that Henri IV, the protestant king, bombarded Paris from

The Invalides.

The Trocadero from the Eiffel Tower.

Montmartre in 1589, and in 1814 it was on this hill that the last fight took place between the Prussian and Russian allies against the French. In 1871 the Communist troubles began on the same spot and it was from Montmartre that the victorious troops turned the guns towards the last strongholds of the rebels on the neighbouring hills, the Buttes Chaumont.

The Sculpture Museum Trocadero.

But modern Montmartre has thrust all these warlike

histories behind it, and with them the memories of Berlioz and Victor Hugo who once lived and worked on the famous hill. Murger's " Vie de Bohème " might well have been lived there, too, but its gay, rather wistful music is now drowned in jazz, and " Louise " is *vieux jeu.*

The famous Red Windmill, sign of Montmartre's naughtiness, is now but an ordinary music hall. The quaint character of the Place du Tertre, where dining in the open is enlivened by the fire eater, the five-minute portrait artist, the acrobat and the violinist, is now sophisticated and tourist ridden. The Moulin de la Galette retains something of its old character and " types " of Paris may be studied there. The Lapin d'Argile restaurant,

The Rhinoceros of the Trocadero and the Eiffel Tower.

once presided over by the famous "Frédéric", is no longer. To dine on the Butte is not the exciting adventure it once was. To dance at the night clubs is like dancing in any night club, only less well aired than most. The dancers come from all corners of the earth and there is a cosmopolitan camaraderie which is entirely opposed to French tradition and taste. Restaurants, cabarets, dance halls, music halls, are owned by French companies, beyond that there is not much that is French about them.

The Left Bank of

The Petit Palais.

m the Grand Palais.

IX

The Right Bank of the Seine offers a strong contrast to the Left, with its old monuments, its narrow streets, its educational quarters, and that strange, persistent, old fashioned French flavour which neither mechanical progress, nor cosmopolitan invasions can dissipate. You can tell at a glance a concierge of the right bank from one on the left. The gardens, the children, the very dogs are different, and never the two will meet. Why ? Who shall say ? It is one of those inexplicable things which defy reason and rest on

Grand Palais.

philosophy. Perhaps those old Roman spirits still walk abroad, and the early Parisians of the Ile de la Cité may hold the bridges against the luxury, the magnificence, the glitter of the broad avenues, the shops

Invalides. Napoleon's Tomb.

so full of riches, the pleasure haunts of modern Paris. Even the Palace of the Louvre, for all its early memories, is not a Left Bank building.

The Right Bank is splendid, and also sordid. In the neighbourhood of the Parc Monceau there is splendour, from the gold tipped gates of the gardens, to the handsome houses, the haughty servants, the beautifully dressed women, nothing but riches can be discovered. But turn towards Montmartre, La Villette, Ménilmontant, Belleville, and you will find all the sordidness you want. In the French capital there are mean streets and slums as well as stately squares and fair, flowery spaces.

The Parc Monceau is but a fragment of great gardens made under the orders of successive princes of the house of Orleans. It is perfectly kept and in it are lakes, grottos, foreign shrubs and trees, smooth green

lawns and magnificent flower beds. The very statues have a prosperous bourgeois perfection and the nursemaids who sit there with their charges are quite happy to be in such respectable company. Down one alley you can drive, at walking pace, and your chauffeur submits to the restriction with unusual meekness, impressed, no doubt, by the pompous prosperity of the neighbourhood.

If you drive down the Boulevard Malesherbes or the Boulevard Haussmann from the Parc Monceau on your way to the Madeleine, you pass by the church of St. Augustin, in front of which stands a statue of Joan of Arc. The church is modern with a very high dome and the square it dominates is known among Parisians as the Place des Belles Mères, on account of the dangerous traffic which pours across it in all directions. The *belle mère* joke being traditional rather than correct, has it that men bring their mothers-in-law to this spot and lose them for ever among the trams, cars and omnibuses.

Invalides. Tomb of Turenne.

Invalides Gate to the Tomb of "the Emperor".

At the end of the Boulevard Malesherbes stands the great church of La Madeleine, dedicated to Saint Mary Magdalene. The present church was begun in the reign of Louis XV at the request of Madame de Pom-

The Trocadero and the Pont d'Iéna.

padour. Before that date another church dedicated to the same saint stood quite near, and saw many ups and downs. A sisterhood of Magdalenes lived there, but they let the chapel fall into ruins and it had to be rebuilt in 1659.

During long years of dispute among the church authorities on some obscure theological point the church again fell into disrepair, but Madame de Pompadour took up the cause so well, that the King laid the foundation stone of the present church, not long before she died. Then more trouble began. Several successive architects died, and the work was continually delayed so that it was not until 1842, under a very different government, that the building was finished.

The style is supposed to have been inspired by the beautiful Temple at Nîmes, known as the Maison Carrée, but the proportions of the Made-

The Alexander III Bridge.

leine are less beautiful, and what is simple and lovely in one becomes grandiose and heavy in the other. B utiful musical services are held there and famous preachers are heard from the pulpit. It is visited by thousands of tourists daily and has been described as " The Gateway to the Grands Boulevards ".

Garden of Balzac's House.

Very stately is the view from the steps of the Madeleine look-

Balzac's House looking on to the Garden.

ing down the rue Royale to the Place de la Concorde and over it to Napoleon's tomb with its golden dome, and the Chambre des Députés.

Balzac's Study.

On two sides of the church flower markets are held twice a week and there is no more charming sight on the Right Bank of the Seine than that of the Place de la Madeleine on a spring or summer morning with the flowers heaped in glowing colours on the stalls and the pavements all gay with pots of plants. At Christmas, the fathers of families buy mistletoe, holly, and Christmas trees there. People with window boxes find pansies, geraniums and sweet peas all

Rue Berton, under the terrace of Balzac's Garden.

Balzac's House. A chimney breast.

ready to be planted, and there are herbs for the cook in little pots, mint for mint sauce, to please the English, garlic for the Frenchman, and every aromatic plant you can think of.

From the Madeleine to the Place de la Concorde it is but a step. Spread out in the sunshine, the moonlight, the rain, at all seasons, this spacious square is the pride of every Parisian and the admiration of the foreign visitor. At the end of the rue Royale, which runs into it, are two notable buildings, the Ministry of the Marine, the Automobile Club, to which is now added the Embassy and Consulate offices of the United States, recently bought by the American Government. Near the Place, on the walls of a house, covered with glass is the first mobilisation order in 1914.

History is written all over the Place de la Concorde. Where the great obelisk now stands, once stood a statue to Louis XV. In 1792 the mob pulled it down. A year after its destruction, the guillotine was placed on the same spot for the execution of Louis XVI. Something like 3000 aris-

tocrats were guillotined on the Place de la Concorde during the reign of Terror.

It was on the Place de la Concorde that Napoleon used to review his troops and listen so proudly to their songs of victory, and it was here in 1814 that his downfall was heralded with songs of joy.

Charles X rode across the same wide square on his way to Rambouillet, where he abdicated. Louis Philippe drove across it in one of the old fashioned horse cabs when he fled from Paris in 1848.

Every statue on the Place is a monument to the glory of France, including that to the regained town of Strasbourg which between 1870 and 1918 was always covered with flowers of remembrance and hope that one day the lost provinces would return to France.

Under whatever conditions the Place de la Concorde is seen it is impressive. With sparkling fountains in full play, in the sunshine, with icicles hanging like silver strands from the heads of the bronze water

Courtyard of the Petit Palais.

maidens, with the moon riding high in the sky and the lamps alight below, like a vast company of fallen stars. In rain, by day and night,

The Pont Marie.

The Seine opposite Auteuil.

with the brooding Elysian fields on one side, the stately terrace and gardens of the Tuileries on another, and just over there, the Seine, flowing between its low banks so meekly one month, so angrily another. Who that saw the floods of 1910 can look upon that pleasant blue ribbon in summer without a backward thought for its angry moods, its cruelty and its power.

In no city of the world is there a finer, more impressively beautiful view than that which is to be had from the Tuileries gardens looking back to the Arc du Carrousel, built in memory of Napoleon's victories in Italy, and up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe.

The Arc de Triomphe, like the Eiffel Tower, has, in some degree, changed its character since the Great War. Once a monument to the glory of Napoleon, it is now the home of the Unknown Soldier. On his grave burns unceasingly the lamp of remembrance. Distinguished visitors to France stand bareheaded for a brief moment, as they lay flowers at his feet. Tourists come by the thousand daily, and on Armistice Day when the troops march up the Champs Elysées to the Arc it is to the Unknown Soldier rather than the great Emperor that men turn their thoughts.

In her book " Paris Sees It Through ", H. Pearl Adam gives an unforgettable description of the Arc de Triomphe on the Nationale Fête, July 14th, 1919. Peace was signed on June 28th and less than three weeks later the victorious armies marched triumphantly up the Champs Elysées, and under the great arch : — " The Arc de Triomphe, Gibraltar of human glory, stood untouched by human enthusiasm, apparently insensible to all that passed around it. The chains that guarded it had fallen; the highway that led beneath it was open..... It was a day of Victory; and that was why the first communicants at her sacrament were men on stretchers, men on crutches, blind men, one-armed men. They went before the valid armies that they might lend one more meaning to the blue shade under the Arch. If they were not loudly greeted, perhaps they understood why. They were greeted as loudly

The Seine at Passy.

The Seine at the Pont de Grenelle.

Statue of Liberty.

as their welcomers could manage.

" After a pause, there came a sound of trumpets, trumpets that blew in nasal, insistent thirds, the melody of armies who return triumphant from war. The sound floated down the morning air; and all the eyes of the human sea turned upwards to the blue shadow under the grey Arch. Through it came stepping, dark in the shadow, sky-blue as heaven in the golden sun, two private soldiers, and a young officer — the Army itself. Eyes fixed ahead, step

The Seine at the Pont des Arts.

unfaltering, the three acolytes of Victory passed down the empty road; and, as they came into the sunshine, suddenly a little blue figure a hundred feet above them, on the roof of the Arch, unfurled the flag of France, and waved it in the summer sky as though its colours longed to blend with the trumpets and the shouting. A silver star shot far into the zenith, and from near and far the guns marked with thunder the steps of those who marched.

" Behind the acolytes came marshals and generals, and after them many armies with banners. The blue shadow fell upon them all as they passed, the sunshine received them, and the Arch, clean once more

The Soldier of Alma.

Pont des Arts and the Palais Mazarin.

after forty-eight years, its stain washed out beneath the dust of their steps reared its grey brow into the sky as they left it and passed on to salute the Dead, and thence into the waiting city. But the shadow and the sunshine seemed to keep, as the Arch did, a star and a flag especially

Pont de la Concorde.

for those first three figures, who, steady and unswerving, carried with them that oblation of suffering and loss and the splendour of sacrifice which France and her Allies laid, day and night, through five long years, upon the altar of national honour and universal right ".

To climb the Arc de Triomphe is to get a comprehensive view over Paris and the Bois de Boulogne, with its lakes, its green alleys, its broad avenues, its restaurants like palaces set in lovely gardens, and on its borders those two popular race courses, Longchamps and Auteuil, to which all Paris, from the office boy to the millionaire, go on Sunday to see the fun and " put a little bit " on the favourite.

The French people love a little gamble and fear a big one; races,

Pont Royal and the Louvre.

lotteries, mild flutters on the stock exchange, they understand, but to take big industrial risks, to stake their last franc in the hope of re-making their fortune, is not a national characteristic. They have their big gamblers, their adventurers, but the Frenchman, broadly speaking, is a thrifty soul and counts a bird in the hand worth two in the bush. His racing is more a form of Sun-

Bookstalls on the Quays.

View of the Quay from the Pont Neuf.

The Pont au Change.

day holiday-making than anything else. The rich man likes to have a racing stable, the poor man backs his horses. Both have very much the same outlook on money, though one may talk in millions and the other in single francs.

Looking from the top of the Arc de Triomphe, may be seen the formation of the Place de l'Etoile from which radiate twelve broad avenues. Following the line of the principal one, the Champs Elysées, the view is, again, one to delight the eye. The long sweep of the Avenue to the Place de la Concorde and

across the Tuileries to the Arc du Carrousel and the Louvre is superb, almost arrogant, in its suggestion of power and luxury. Happily, as the way is trodden step by step, the grandeur melts to homeliness, and you see little children hugging themselves with joy as they watch Punch and Judy. You see them driving in goat carriages, riding donkeys, mak-

The Pont Neuf and place Dauphine.

ing sand pies under the trees and being scolded by mothers and nurses.

Twenty years ago the Champs Elysées was lined with stately French homes. These have given place to luxurious shops. Motor car manufacturers, dressmakers, restaurant and hotel-keepers now drive their trades where, formerly, the old nobility entertained in the grand manner.

Beyond the Rond Point, the scene has not greatly changed from what it used to be. It is a playground, a place to sit in the shade of the chestnuts on a little green or grey chair and watch the world go by. On the right is the Grand Palais where exhibitions go on continuously, pictures, motor cars, aeroplanes, domestic appliances, the Concours Hippique, are billed one after another on its gateways. Its fastnesses are never

The Law Courts from the Seine.

empty for more than an hour or two, just the necessary time to "change the sheets", as it were.

Opposite is the Petit Palais, where there is a permanent exhibition of French paintings and sculptures, purchased in the City of Paris at the yearly salons since 1875, and several private collections which have been left to the State.

Prints and Books on the Quay.

Once again place may be

Garden of the Vert-Galant.

taken on the top of the Arc de Triomphe to look towards the Eiffel Tower, the Trocadéro, and Napoleon's Tomb. The towers of the Trocadéro dominate the river, and there is a view of the far woods of St. Cloud on the horizon. In the Trocadéro museum are casts of world famous architectural monuments, and also collections of architectural drawings. The Musée Cambodgien is in another wing of the palace. In an immense Salle de Fêtes performances and concerts are given, political meetings are held.

Down the hill from the Trocadéro, following the Avenue du Président Wilson, is the Musée Galliéna, where exhibitions of mural decorative art and materials are shown, and looking on the Place d'Iéna is the Musée Guimet, a fascinating place filled with priceless Oriental treasures, well arranged and easy to see in sections.

A Tug at the Quai de la Tournelle.

Over the river stands the Invalides with Napoleon's tomb, the Hospital of the Invalides, which corresponds more or less to Chelsea Hospital, the military chapel with its tattered flags and its tall windows and two military museums. The Hôtel des Invalides was founded by Louis XIV and built in 1670-75, the dome being

Ile St. Louis. The Quai de l'Hôtel de Ville.

added in 1735. The buildings and grounds cover about thirty acres and there is room to house over 6,000 people. Only soldiers are admitted who are incapacitated for service by age or illness. Soldiers of the Great War are now the principal pensioners. The Military Governor of Paris also has his quarters in the Hôtel des Invalides, having been transferred there in 1898.

Under the golden dome lies Napoleon. The tomb is the work of Visconti the younger in 1843-53, it consists of an open circular crypt, in the middle of which is the sarcophagus. On the mosaic pavement surrounding it are written the names of eight of the Emperor's principal battles and tattered flags bear further witness to his victories. A purple light falling from a glass roof bathes the the whole scene in dramatic splendour.

Passing by the wide esplanade des Invalides with its tall trees, its old guns, the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères and the Chambre des Députés stand to the right, and the Pont Alexandre to the left. You may

walk along the river side, past the Pont de l'Alma and on to the Pont d'Iéna and again climb the hill to the Trocadéro, to look once more at the wide view up and down the river and then walk down the rue Frank-

The Seine at Ivry.

lin in which street lives Georges Clémenceau, known both as "Père Victoire" and "The Tiger".

Further on you come to the rue Raynouard, in the heart of Passy. Modern blocks of flats give to this street a modern appearance, although parts of it still wear a homely air which speaks of a past age when the pace of life was not so quick. Old houses with green shutters and ivy climbing over them stand among the tall white buildings, shabby, dim, like old fashioned people in a world of jazz. At one of these, number 47, you may climb three steep steps leading from a pavement so narrow that passing cars almost graze your shoulders, and there you can read on the wall inside that this is the house where Honoré de Balzac lived.

You go down a staircase to a little courtyard below and find a distressed looking little villa standing in an untidy garden. Bal-

Bercy Port.

zac had entrance to it from the same street, and a secret egress by a flight of steps and a small gate on the other side of the house to another street. This he used to avoid unpleasant visitors and to find his way furtively to town when the mood so moved him.

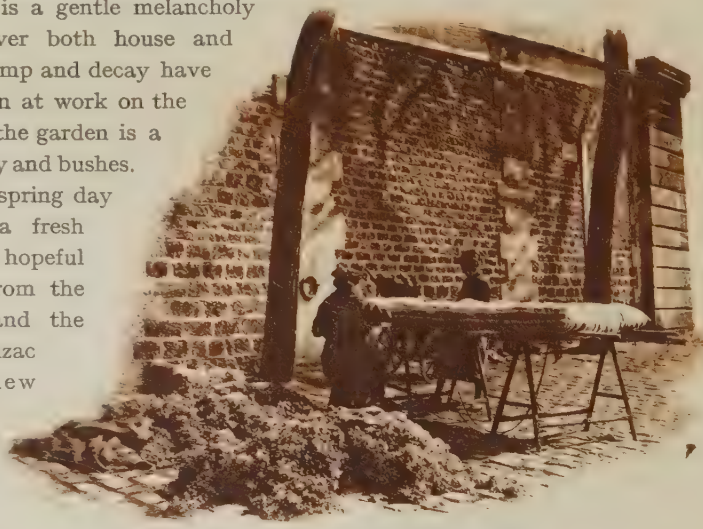
In this little house, half cottage, half villa, in a small room hung with faded red silk, stand the chair and the writing table of the man who wrote *La Comédie Humaine*. A Crucifix which he framed himself hangs on the wall, and in a glass cupboard stands the coffee pot in which he made black

Bercy. Unloading station.

Bercy Quay and the railway viaduct.

coffee during nightly vigils. Beside it are the little dolls he used to put on his table when working to impersonate his characters.

There is a gentle melancholy hanging over both house and garden. Damp and decay have so long been at work on the walls, and the garden is a tangle of ivy and bushes. But on a spring day it offers a fresh and more hopeful picture. From the windows and the terrace Balzac had a view as wide as that



Remaking mattresses on the Quay.

The Seine and the July Column.

Charenton. The Marne and the St. Maurice Canal.

from the Trocadéro, away over the river to Meudon. Now it is blocked by houses and the sky line is obscured.

The house looks pathetically small and sordid, yet curiously grand, as if it had captured something of Balzac's own spirit of magnificence. The Société des Amis de Balzac have bought the little property and have consecrated it to his memory. Every now and again concerts are given there, with a very exclusive and "precious" programme, and lectures are given on *La Comédie Humaine* and other Balzacian works.

Fishing on the Passy footbridge.

X

The Seine, that river of many moods and many aspects, flowing under wide skies to wide horizons, is, as many writers on Paris have said, the ideal *point de départ* for sight-seeing. History is packed close along its banks between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont de la Tournelle (Pont Marie). Down the river to St. Cloud, and up the river to Charenton where the Marne flows into it, the quays are laden with merchandise being loaded and unloaded on and from barges and steamers flying French and foreign flags, with names which speak of distant lands and home ports,

Buttes-Chaumont.

all telling stories of the water, all carrying the mark of the rover, the tramp on their sides. Even the barges, slow and heavy, have adventures unknown to land lubbers, and the *bateaux parisiens*, familiarly called the *bateaux mouches*, those fussy little passenger steamers which run from Charenton to Suresnes, have a jaunty nautical touch which breaks out in caps, a bit of gold braid, and the enforced isolation of the man at the wheel.

There is no more delightful way of spending a summer's day in Paris; for those who can dream, play with thoughts, and enjoy the *comédie humaine* without wanting to take part in it, than to embark on a *bateau mouche* at one of the city bridges and spend the day on the river, watching its traffic, dipping under its bridges and linking up the present with the past by the monuments on its banks.

To take the boat at the Pont de la Concorde to Charenton is a thrilling experience for a lover of history, beginning with the bridge itself. It is partly built with the stones taken from the old Bastille prison, and dates from 1789. It leads from the stately Place de la Concorde to the

The Quay at Ivry and the railway viaduct.

Chambre des Députés, the old Palais Bourbon. The traffic over it is now

Victory Fête July 14th 1919 at the Arc de Triomphe.

so heavy that foot passengers take the way of a temporary bridge alongside. On the Concorde bridge is registered the highest water mark of the devastating floods of 1910 when all the city bridges were closed to traffic between the Pont Alexandre and the Ile de la Cité during several days, and people living on the quays and in adjacent streets were transported from place to place in boats.

The Pont Solferino, built in 1859, faces the broad walk of the Tuileries gardens on one side and on the other the stately old house of the Prince de Salm, now the Chancellerie of the Legion of Honour, to which is attached an interesting museum. Its charm for the visitors is that from it, there is one of the most enchanting views of Sacré Cœur on the hill of Montmartre.

We then come to the stately Pont Royal, with the palace of the Louvre at one end and the Quai Voltaire, from which runs the rue du Bac, at the other. This bridge was built by Mansart in the XVIIth century to replace a wooden bridge that spanned the river just above a ferry which was mostly used for carting stone from the Vaugirard quarries

for the building of the Tuileries palace. It is from the ferry (le bac) that the rue du Bac gets its name.

With tall trees shading the near arches, with picturesque rickety wooden bath houses and a calling station for the *bateaux mouches*, the Pont Royal is a busy bridge and has human interests of its own which endear it to city vagabonds. In warm weather there is always somebody's dog being washed, where, when poodles were in fashion, the dog's barber used to work. The bookstalls near it are greatly frequented, and the cheerful English woman who sells English books is much sought after by tourists and English residents. Wet and fine, winter and summer she is there with her invalid husband, and not many people know that he is a grandson of John Brown, of Victorian fame, whose daughter married a French officer and had ten sons of whom this man is one. With a little touch of pride, gently touched with humour, his wife tells you that " my husband's mother was presented at court ".

The Pont des Arts is an iron foot bridge which leads from the quay beside the Louvre palace to the Quai Conti and the old Palais Mazarin, now the Institut de France where the forty immortals of the Academy sit and hold meetings, and in a part of which the Marquise de Lambert in the XVIIIth century held one of the most famous salons of the day. It was said that no man sat under the Cupola who had not passed through her salon first.

The Pont des Arts spans the river just where the great chain was flung from the Roman Tour de Nesle to the old Louvre prison, on the other

Coming out of school.

Bird's-eye view of the Arc de Triomphe and place de l'Etoile.

side, and which for centuries marked the entrance to Paris as boats came up the river. The Tour de Nesle, it may be remembered, marked the point at which the wall of Philip Augustus reached the Seine and got its name from the family which owned that corner of the city. It was finally destroyed in order to make room for a palace for Cardinal Mazarin.

Another memory of this famous tower is that it was the residence of the famous Marguerite of Burgundy, wife to Louis X, who is said to have lured students into her house by night and before dawn to have had them thrown into the river. Legend says that her husband had her strangled for her sins, and that in her will she left her money to found a college to house poor students in comfort, an ironic sequel to the way she served them during her life.

The first mention in history of a bridge where the Pont Neuf now stands was in 1379. The project was faced in that year, but nothing was done towards fulfilling it until 1577-78, when the first piles were driven in at low water. It was Henri III who laid the first stone. It was Henri IV, who pushed on the work and whose brave figure on horseback stands

in stone in the middle of the bridge as it is to-day. But he did not live to see it finished. This satisfaction was for Cardinal Richelieu in the succeeding reign.

The Pont Neuf has a special place in the heart of the Parisians. They love it, and also the gallant figure of the king, and the little green garden below it, known as the Jardin du Vert Galant, from which the view of the bridge is the best possible.

In the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries the Pont Neuf was a rendez-vous of all the merry men of Paris : jugglers, acrobats, fortune-tellers, cheap-jacks, all the fun of the fair met there to play their tricks on all and sundry, to cheat, to lie, to thieve. Old books and prints, knick-knacks of all kinds were put on sale there. Pictures may still be found of the Pont Neuf in the days when it was sowing its wild oats.

Molière used to walk across the Pont Neuf from his lodging on the Quai Voltaire. Pascal's carriage was overturned on it, and his conversion from science to religion is supposed to date from that hour. The famous Madame Roland, whose cry against liberty is so well known, lived in one of the red brick houses which still stand on it, and earlier in its history, it was the spot chosen by Irishmen driven to France by Elizabethan policy, to collect in groups at night to act as highwaymen and claim

Victory Fête. Marshall Joffre receiving flowers in the Champs Elysées.

Bois de Boulogne. The Lake.

from passers-by their money or their lives, perhaps both, since the river was so handy.

Opposite the statue of the protestant king is the opening on to the Place Dauphine, planned by him to celebrate the birth of his son, Louis XIII. On to this charming little square with its old world air of quiet dignity, looks the west façade of the Palais de Justice.

The Pont au Change is another city bridge which is rich in history. It gets its name from the original bridge having been the home of money changers and goldsmiths. The old bridge was replaced by the present bridge in 1859. It connects the town, from the Place du Châtelet, to the Ile de la Cité, and some historians claim that it was this way Cæsar's legions marched when they came to Paris. In defence of this claim it is stated that the Châtelet grew from a Roman fort on that spot, and to emphasise the early importance of the bridge it is proved that Louis VI set up his strong defences at its head. On the other hand, historians declare that the great road taken by Cæsar and his armies ran from Orleans and across the Petit Pont and the Pont Notre Dame, the Petit Pont being then a trestle bridge which was burnt by a general in early

days, to save the town. Discussion must run high and long round the Roman invasion and the ways followed by Cæsar and his armies. The records are few, the remains many, and among them supposition runs riot.

It is from the deck of a river steamer before it glides under the Pont d'Arcole that the most romantic view of the Ile de la Cité can be had. Its towers, its buttresses, pinnacles and domes stand out with beauty against the sky, each with a tale to tell, each a fair monument to the island's history. Before motor cars and charabancs were popular, tourists used the river boats more and got glimpses of the city which cannot be found elsewhere.

Further up the river stands the new Pont de la Tournelle with its column-like figure of Sainte Geneviève. From this bridge there is an impressive picture of Notre Dame lying out like a great butterfly. The building of this new bridge has taken many years and the placing of the statue of Ste. Geneviève has caused much discussion. It is still claimed by some that it should have been placed lower on the bank, that as it stands the proportions are exaggerated.

From this bridge the character of the river changes. Historic monuments give place to industrial works, factories throw up smoky chimneys on the surrounding landscape, warehouses line the quays on which are stacked merchandise unloaded from barges and boats, waiting to be drawn away by patient horses urged to their labour by less patient men. Men stripped to the waist carry heavy loads all day long from the river to the land, cranes are set in motion to do the same work.

At night the Seine is magically beautiful. The bridge lights, the lights from the swiftly moving *bateaux mouches*, the reflections from the river banks fill its waters with innumerable colours, sometimes clear under a starlit sky, sometimes dimly gleaming through silver mists, mysterious, secretive, aloof. Tall trees throw out beautiful forms with their branches, across the bridges moves the traffic noisily bright, a continuous line of light like a string of coloured beads. Up the river lies the Ile de la Cité, down the river the Trocadéro and the Statue of Liberty at the Point du Jour. In between lies Paris, with its memories and its pleasures, its tragedies and comedies, surely the most human of cities, to be loved and hated in a breath and always to be loved again.

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